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PERSONALITY AND IMPERSONALITY

BLISS CARMAN

IN advocating the culture of personality as a fine ideal of human endeavor, one is often confronted with the objection that to emphasize personality is something undesirable and unbecoming. "But I do not wish to develop my personality. I dislike the personal. I prefer to stand for real worth, and to avoid personal issues and the personal appeal, as much as possible."

The objection is seemingly well taken, and would be valid, were it not based on an equivocal use of the words "personal" and "personality," or if we could ever divorce the influence of personality from conduct. But in truth the influence of personality enters as a most potent factor in all action and social intercourse, whether we like it or not; and it is only by cultivating an essential personality that we can rise superior to those "personalities" which we so rightly disparage. To be "personal" in argument, in conversation, in our approach and attitude toward others is indeed the mark of an uncouth personality; while nothing so readily distinguishes the man or woman of breeding as a fine impersonal resort in all affairs, whether of conduct, criticism, or feeling. The appeal to the *argumentum ad hominem,* the crushing personal reply, is very surely a sign of weakness, and always in the worst possible taste. For we are supposedly in quest of the truth; as rational creatures we are more concerned in coming at the right of a matter than in merely scoring a point in debate; our appeal is to logic, to the higher understanding; and when we forsake that calm region and allow ourselves to be carried away in a gust of heated temper we are

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manifestly degraded and stultified. So that truly there is nothing more vulgar than to be offensively personal and individual.

High breeding and fine culture lead to impersonal heights of spiritual and intellectual life, and to the delicacies and considerations of social amenity, where love and friendship bear their choicest fruits. Cultured friendship is too wise ever to take a liberty; and love, for all its eagerness, is known by its unselfish generosity. In the realm of pure rationality how clear the air is, and how tonic! How unfortunate that we should ever taint it with unreasonable caprice and personal prejudice, wherein truth is always obscured! Freedom, alas, must often fight for her integrity; but none the less the dust of conflict is death to understanding. How glad the human spirit would be to dwell always, if it could, in the kingdom of generous loving-kindness, never to enter at all the pestilential regions of hatred, meanness, malice and envy, where we drag it so often in bitter war and vainglorious controversy! To come off triumphant in dispute is seldom to win the finest victory.

No doubt we should be helped in our understanding and use of the word personality by keeping in mind its source and original significance. The *persona* of the earliest drama, as everyone knows, was the mask which the player wore, and through which the voice gave sound; *personare* being literally "to sound through." The "person," then, is primarily the outer guise, the face and figure of the individual in which the character is incased, and through which the living speech is sounded. Only secondarily does "person" come to stand for the whole character or self, with its emotions, thoughts, and impulses; while "personality," when used as an equivalent of "individual," combines both these meanings—the inward as well as the outward characteristics of our friend. The primitive rustic audience in those old tragic or comic dramas, replete with religious feeling and myth, was content with the conventional mask of painted wood or clay, with its frozen look of exaggerated woe or mirth, and more than content, perhaps, to forget the identity of the actor behind it. The words, the meaning, the gist of the part, and the trend of the story were to those naïve beholders the chief and significant things. To have had what we are

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pleased to call the player's individuality obtruded upon their attention would doubtless have seemed to them detrimental if not impious in the extreme.

So it is with ourselves upon the stage of the world. We are the masks of destiny—the *personæ* through which the life-spirit may find voice and play out its titanic masterpiece, for which we all are cast and which none of us can understand. These myriad faces that pass in the pageant of the streets, what are they but masks of the eternal, donned for a little while before the footlights of the sun, as children wear false-faces at Hallowe'en? We see them streaming by, each fashioned and named and distinguished from the rest, and each animated by a spirit it calls its own, as it proudly treads the vasty theatre of time. Yet in those very words "spirit" and "animate" there lurks an immemorial belief in forces greater than our ineffectual selves. For the *anima* or soul was literally but a wind, a gust of the unseen; and the "spirit" was first only a breath of the body; faint, invisible, yet potent impressions of the ultimate power of the universe, which we somehow feel to be a divine personality. In the symbolism of these words one realizes how long ago a sense of the fleetness of life came to the imagination of man—its mysterious origin, its viewless course, its undetermined goal.

How animated are some faces, and how dim are others! In some the kindling fire of the spirit burns keen and pure. You can almost see the soul behind the eyes and through the luminous skin, like the light under a porcelain shade. In others the eye never sparkles, the cheek never glows. The spiritual fire is hardly more than an ember. Even beautiful features often lack this last touch of loveliness—the inward animating and inspiring warmth of soul, which should be so eager and so delightful. Yet always, seen or unseen, faint or forceful, while there is life there is the burning flame within the serviceable clay. Always, clear and convincing, or faltering and indistinct, the voice of the Infinite sounds through these human masks of ours.

Shall we not make it our chief endeavor, then, that the flame be not obscured—that the voice may sound sweetly and unmistakably through the features for which we are responsible?

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Thus we come to accord between two ideals—between striving for the culture of personality as a surpassing good, and striving for the supremacy of impersonal aims and standards. We exist as personalities, as characters, as individuals, only to give scope and play and expression to the Impersonal. We ourselves are indeed faulty, partial, ineffectual, wrung by passion, blinded by prejudice, baffled by lack of skill; and yet for all that are we not, even the poorest among us, moved by some sort of ideal, some motive more noble than ourselves, guided by some kind of intelligence, carried forward on the way by some sense of gratification in deeds accomplished? Only by such impersonal aids and influences can personality grow to any enviable height or breadth of being.

In our crafts, our artistry, our skilled achievements, our enduring toil, are we not apprentices to the cosmic power, gaining our best development through helping to bring about

> "That far off divine event
> To which the whole creation moves,"—

though we have never seen the whole plan of the structure we are building, and can only dream of the sublime architect's design? In all our following after knowledge, our search to find out wisdom, are we not perhaps like diligent students in a great laboratory, seeing clearly this truth and that, proving a theory here, solving a problem there, setting down line after line and page after page in the vast book of revelation, which shall one day be completed, but whose *Finis* we need not write, whose tenor indeed we need not wholly comprehend? And most of all in our spiritual lives, our intuitive desire for happiness and justice, our ineradicable hope, our patient faith in some ultimate good, what are we but emanations of an eternal longing? We experience a kinship to omnipotence in every honest day's work done, in every creation of loveliness, small though it be, which we add to the beauty of the world. We touch the glory of omniscience in every particle of knowledge gained and tested; and in every joy we feel our identity with infinite excellence. Our pleasures of the senses, our health, our strength, our satisfac-

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tion in success, are legitimate surely because they are natural and universal; and they are blameless only when they are not limited by selfish aims. So too our pleasures of the heart and mind are great and valid, not because they can be appropriated, but because their beneficence is unbounded and can be infinitely shared.

The mind takes no satisfaction in a doubtful truth, nor can the spirit wholly rejoice in a partial good, however much these may be to our private advantage. Truth is the chosen air of the mind. Happiness is the fullest nourishment of the soul. Unless we are sustained by our share of these measureless bounties of intelligence and spirit, we cannot grow to our due stature of manhood and womanhood.

Once to realize our kinship with these transcendent powers, however, is to become aware how great an inheritance is truly our own, and how great a responsibility for its worthy use. This is the seed of all mental and moral growth of personality, which is to flower forth in grace of person, in graciousness of demeanor, in greatness of achievement. In the world of our senses we touch the infinite of space and time. We breathe and move and sleep and are sustained in a boundless universe. Enduring and goodly things are about us without measure. Only, here our knowledge of the infinite and the impersonal is so instinctive that it is often unrealized. But whether in the outward or the inward world in which personalities exist,

"We feel that we are greater than we know,"

and long to exercise powers within us beyond the current drudgery of existence.

The culture of personality does not imply development of egotism, but rather the reverse. It eliminates egotism by the substitution of things of greater value. The greatest personalities—seers, teachers, philosophers, scientists, sublime poets, mighty mothers of men, nameless toilers who labored and stinted not, obscure saints, and martyrs who perished for a cause—have ever been the most profoundly modest and unassuming of mankind. Their greatness is measured by their forgetfulness of

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self. They swayed the world to the worship of integrity and truth and beauty by the sincerity of their lives, their happy mystic faith in things greater than themselves, their devotion to impersonal aims. This is the paradox of the making of personality. The aim of culture is the perfection of selfhood; but the pathway of culture and its final test and sanction are not self-seeking, but service. He who would save his life must lose it. The best way to lose care of non-essentials is not so to destroy them that their wreckage hinders progress, but so to educate them that they may further progress, and enable us to say with Browning

> "All good things
> Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

Such making of personality is not accomplished in a day, it is a matter of time and care, a natural process of growth that may be helped by good education. Like most of nature's processes, it is seldom rapid. It may, however, shoot forth and unfold at times with wonderful rapidity under favoring conditions. A seed of new and inspiring thought planted in the mind may sink into the soul and fructify in the hospitable soil of the spirit, to flower forth in a whole new conception of life, and bear fruit in worthier action, more noble, more intelligent, more humane. But the seed must be good, the soil must be made generous, and the fruit must be delivered sound and whole. A false and worthless ideal will often germinate as rapidly as a true one, and choke the mind with weeds. And without wise care and painstaking the finest fruit of fairest deeds cannot be harvested unblemished for the use of men.

There are many avenues by which truth may come to us with its fructifying ideals. Poetry, science, experience, nature, the fine arts, the commoner industries—all these have teachings of the infinite for us, if we approach them with an ever receptive mind and a heart in which nurturing warmth has not died. By all these roads we are brought face to face with the momentous, the significant, the beautiful in life; and we ourselves become imbued with some of the wonder and glamour we have felt, some

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of the intelligence we have followed, some of the loveliness we have perceived; and all because we have been made to deal with facts and forces greater than ourselves. A tulip bulb does not require much ground, yet there is the whole bosom of the earth below it, and the whole firmament of heaven above. We do not require a large township for our daily walk of life; our sphere and task seem often small enough; yet the only meat and drink that can sustain us must be gathered from the fields of infinite goodness and drawn from the inexhaustible springs of truth. But we must put forth effort to lay hold of these things, as the tulip reaches forth into the earth and into the air for nourishment and light, and make them our own by assimilation and use, so that we, too, like our little sister of the garden, may attain the adequate and becoming perfection of growth that belongs to us.

We shall not attain perfection, however, unless, before all things, we forget our pitiful self-consciousness and give vent to the good genius within us, which is always only waiting to be exercised. And that good genius, with its starry aim, is after all only the habit of doing our very best, and being our very best, every minute we have to live. Which of us can do our best, if we are always thinking of ourselves and the effect we are going to make? Let us get ourselves out of the way and give the doing a chance. Do you feel awkward in company, constrained and embarrassed in speech? Possibly you think that to speak out with more freedom, to move with greater ease, would seem too much like asserting your personality? Ah, no; it is your defects that are personal and your silence that is conspicuous. Speech and motion are natural and impersonal things, expressing universal truths. By giving them easy vent you will not be calling attention to yourself, but to their meanings, while the personal "you" will be escaping attention. People are not waiting to hear you or me, they are waiting to hear truths.

To cultivate poise and grace and efficiency of person and manner is not to make oneself conspicuous, but to make oneself inconspicuous. To be well dressed is to be inconspicuous. It is ill-fitting and unbecoming garments that draw all eyes upon us; and our persons are but the garments of our personalities; they must be fitted to us.

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Voice is one of the first things to cultivate. Bearing is another. Learn to breathe, to speak, to stand, to walk. Strangely enough, you will not be able to get these simple arts in any of our regular schools. They have been neglected in our educational system; I suppose because they are of so obvious necessity that it was thought, as one college president stated the case, "we would manage to get them somehow." We do, and the result is just as lamentable as might have been expected. However you do it, educate your voice until it is as musical as you can make it. Stand up on free feet, with a free diaphragm. Move and walk like a free human being. Surely you can move at least as well as a fox through the woods, or a queenly Indian woman in her rags. Has civilization made you something less beautiful than these free beings? Then open your mouth and let God speak through your mask. If you have nothing original to say, never mind that. If your will is generous, your expression sincere, and your voice beautiful, people will get the charm and be thankful for that, without asking more. The world doesn't need more originality half as much as it needs the expression and use of the honesty and loving-kindness already in it. To subserve these greater aims and obey these greater forces, impersonal as they truly are, is the legitimate object of the education of personality.

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SECOND AVENUE

ORRICK JOHNS

IN gutter and on sidewalk swells
The strange, the alien Disarray,
Flung from the Continental hells,
From Eastern dark to Western day.

They pass where once the armies passed
Who stained with splendid blood the land;
But bloody paths grow hard with years
And bloody fields grow rich and grand . . .

Are you, O motley multitude,
Descendants of the squandered dead,
Who honored courage more than creeds
And fought for better things than bread?

The eternal twilight of the street
Drives you to madness like a wine,
To bastioned gates with bleeding feet,
To walls that curse and locks that shine . . .

O curious poison! yellow fruit!
Bright lotos that enchains the sense!
That gives the maiden to the brute
And power gives to Impotence!

That gives to man his blindest wish
Of flaccid ease and flaming lust!—
For gold you have grown feverish
And song has fallen into dust.

For gold you drive the alien slaves,
The Gentile fiercer than the Jew,—
Like men immured in living graves
You breathe and breed! Ah, not for you

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The gorgeous canvas of the morn,
The sprinkled gayety of grass,
The sunlight dripping from the corn,
The stars that hold high-vestured mass,

The shattered grandeur of the hills,
The little leaping lovely ways
Of children, or what beauty spills
In summer greens and autumn grays.

These are not gained by any toil
Of groping hands that plead and plod,
But are the unimpoverished spoil
Poured from the bursting stores of God.

Far off in Naples sweet with song
You drove the boats around the bay,
Or drove the herds the lanes along
On Grecian hillsides sweet with May.

How often when the spring is near
Has one of you forgot his cares,
And gone, the Bridegroom of the year,
Filling with song the streets and stairs?

How often does the wild-bloom smell
Over the mountained city reach
To hold the tawny boys in spell
Or wake the aching girls to speech?

The clouds that drift across the sea
And drift across the jagged line
Of mist-enshrouded masonry—
Hast thou forgotten these are thine?

That drift across the jagged line
Which you, my people, reared and built
To be a temple and a shrine
For gods of iron and of gilt . . .

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Aye, these are thine to heal thy heart,
To give thee back the thrill of Youth,
To seek therein the gold of Art,
And seek the broken shapes of Truth.

O vaulting walls that drive the wind
To feats of such fantastic fun,
You make men dull, you make men blind,
You mar the ritual of the sun;

The dramas of the dawn you mar,
The streaming tapestries of dusk—
For fruit of life the visions are
And things are but the fibred husk . . .

Lo, these who all unthinking strive
To ports they do not dimly guess—
Can any arts among them thrive?
Can they be bred to loveliness?

By strange design and veiled pretext
God's will upon the race is told,
For one year does not know the next,
And, youthful still, the world grows old.

And you who live from hour to hour
Know little of the mysteries
Nor stand aghast before a flower
Nor worship under wistful trees.

Yet maybe now there passes here
In reverential dream a boy,
Whose voice shall rise another year
And rouse the sleeping lords of joy . . .

Beat on then, O ye human seas,
Beat on to destiny or doom:
The world shall hear your harmonies
And follow in your widening flume;

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Beat on, ye thousand thousand feet,
Beat on through unreturning ways;
Not mine to say whereto ye beat,
Not mine to scorn you or to praise;

The world has seen your shining bands
Thrown westward, binding sea to sea,
And heard your champing hammers drum
The music of your deity;

The world has seen your miracles
Of steel and steam and straining mass;
And yet shall see your fingers mould
A finer plaything ere you pass . . .

You, having brothers in all lands,
Shall teach to all lands brotherhood;
The harlot, toiling with her hands,
Shall lead the godly and the good.

And on some far-off silent day
A thinker gazing on a hill
Shall cast his staff and horn away
And answer to your clamoring will.

He shall bring back the faded bays,
The Muses to their ancient rule,
The temples to the market-place,
The genius nearer to the fool.

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GUARANTEE OR INSURANCE OF BANK DEPOSITS

WALTER FLAVIUS MCCALEB

NOW that the Aldrich plan for currency reform is clearly before the country and interest in financial matters more keen than at any time in our history, it may not be unprofitable to glance briefly at the question of guarantee of bank deposits. Particularly is this interest intensified by virtue of the successes attending the inauguration of the postal savings system, a system held by the protagonists of the guaranty principle as directly resulting from their agitations and from the operation of guaranty laws in several of the States—a system, they maintain, representing the furthermost step forward in the working out of a scheme which shall positively protect deposits in banks. There now exist guaranty laws in Oklahoma, Texas, Nebraska, Kansas; and there are in operation postal savings banks in every quarter of the Union: therefore, the results attained may well serve as bases for casual observations on the guarantee or insurance principle.

Many bankers are disposed to think the guaranty proposition a new and sudden trap sprung on them by a malicious public; but such is not the case. The question of security for deposits dates back to the very first bank. The mode of securing them, however, has changed. In the evolution of the State, the development of financial machinery brought into existence the incorporated bank with a fixed capital, double liability of stockholders, supervision, sworn statements, examinations, and a negative defence in heavy penalties for violators of the law—all of which were imposed wholly with the view to protecting depositors against loss. These laws were enacted in response to a nearly universal demand from the public for defence against bad judgment and vicious banking. We know all too well from past history that supervision fails and that double liability often means nothing, the wealthy stockholder transferring his stock at the last minute to some unresponsible party; and that rascals sometimes secure the control of banks. Therefore, in the last analysis, it is the *character* of the banker that one must rely

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upon for safety; and even here, honest as one may be, failure of judgment may precipitate ruin and destruction.

The panic of 1907 has already borne fruit in several varieties and has regrafted old stocks which promise in due season to blossom and fructify. The guaranty system, as we have it to-day, is merely a new growth of an old stock (leafless and barren from an earlier and premature blasting), which has weathered the storms, even as the eternal principle.

The panic had completely demoralized the nation; business was in a state of collapse; securities of every character were depreciated; men accustomed to borrowing from banks to protect their obligations were even denied the right to withdraw their private funds. Nearly every bank in the land was forced to suspend specie payment; and not a few indeed failed outright. The situation was truly calamitous. And the bitterest point about it all lay in the fact that it was a so-called bankers' panic which worked this demoralization, entailing incalculable losses. Another point, too, and none the less real, was that the people suffered most of all; not only were their collaterals and securities discredited and their funds tied up, but they were positively refused assistance by the banks at a time when help was most needed; and, further, some of them were subjected to the torment of witnessing the failure of institutions which carried the earnings of a lifetime. And the people were not much to blame for scrambling to withdraw their deposits, when around them houses of international repute were crashing; safety was nowhere. The banker was frightened at his shadow; the man in the street of any shadow at all.

Once the storm was laid, however, people began to ask how it had come about and what could be done to prevent a recurrence. While the real explanation is to be found in the utter inadequacy of our financial machinery, it is generally admitted that if the masses could be made to appreciate the fact that their deposits are secure, no bank would suffer a run, and panics, in a large sense, would be impossible. The crux of the matter turns on the word "safety." If the depositor could return to his duties with the full consciousness that no hazard could imperil his funds, would not the business world wear a different aspect?

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Would not absolute safety of deposits work in our society a revolution of a magnitude unimagined?

Safety is a word to conjure with. Already it has been answered by four States with their guaranty laws and by the Federal Government with its postal savings system. Several other States have nearly enacted guaranty laws, Colorado going so far as to pass a measure and then at the last moment committing its fate to a referendum, where it still hangs *in statu quo*. Politics in several of the States has entered into the question to its complete undoing, as for instance in Iowa; and it may be said frankly that it is a woful commentary on our political life when weighty economic matters are defeated through chicanery or the expediency of party. In all probability we shall see no immediate legislation following the monetary commission's report, because of politics.

The banking fraternity has been largely aligned in opposition to the enactment of guaranty laws. It may be said fearlessly that the dominant reason is selfish in origin. Most private and national and many non-guaranty State bankers believe, and rightly, that the people, once they are brought to appreciate the merits of the new system, will concentrate their business with institutions operating under the new law. Other reasons, serving the turn of sophisticated bankers, are adduced, as, for instance, that the guaranty laws put a premium on dishonesty; that the old banker who has labored a lifetime to establish himself is suddenly brought face to face with unexpected conditions which tend to destroy his capital. It is scarcely necessary to reply that proper supervision, and examination into the credentials of would-be bankers, will reduce to the minimum incompetency and dishonesty, and the old bankers by falling in with the new régime, in lieu of suffering loss, will add to their standing by appealing to a larger clientèle.

In Oklahoma, the pioneer State enacting a guaranty law, there were in operation, on June 7th, 638 State banks with a total capital of $10,011,760 and deposits of $42,190,543.76. During the four-year period since the passing of the law 93 national banks have either been converted or liquidated, while only 10 State banks have nationalized.

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It may be interesting to note that the guaranty fund of the State now amounts to $200,000, with no liabilities. And surely the test has been severe, because of the failure of a large bank, the assets of which proved in heavy measure to have been worthless; also business depression in certain sections has put an end to several small institutions, but the depositors in each case have been promptly paid.*

The Texas law has now been in operation more than three years, and until recently not one dollar had been paid out. In other words, there existed in the guaranty fund approximately thrice the amount necessary under normal conditions to meet all demands upon it. The failure of a Houston banking concern in August, 1911, necessitated the paying out of something more than $100,000, but in February $50,000 was returned to the fund from the assets of the defunct institution, and nearly all of it will ultimately be recovered. It is interesting to note that depositors of the delinquent bank were in no haste to secure their funds, that not a ripple of excitement was occasioned by the closing of the doors.

At the present time there are in Texas 698 State banks with $25,000,000 of capital and deposits of $65,000,000; and 500 national banks with a total capital of $27,000,000 and deposits of $110,000,000. In spite of the impetus gained through 40 years of operation in the State, together with the prestige of the national charter, bolstered as it is by the fiction current in the minds of the people to the effect that the Government is behind the national bank, the State institutions have outstripped the nationals in a prophetic way. The figures promise to run

* Unhappily the Oklahoma law failed properly to safeguard the rate of interest which banks might offer for deposits, with the result that excessive interest was paid, thereby creating unhealthy competition. To add to the troubles, the number of banks which might operate in any particular town was not limited, and in some cases they multiplied over night. This meant, of course, a lower earning capacity; the rate of interest charged by the bank would be lower and the rate offered to depositors would be at the same time increased. The inevitable result followed; in order to make dividends, resort was had to speculation in some of its many forms.

Some of the later State enactments limit in vigorous fashion the rate banks may pay for funds. This will go a long way toward eliminating a very disturbing factor; and further, the number of banks which may operate in a particular locality is determined by the population.

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against the national banks, just as the people at large become more and more familiar with the guaranty feature of the State institutions.

The Kansas State banking law, which leaves it optional whether a bank shall guarantee its deposits, has been in operation a little more than two years; almost a year of that time it was rendered nugatory by virtue of an injunction which was dissolved only last October by the Supreme Court of the United States. The law was held to be constitutional, as has the Oklahoma law. Kansas has in its State system 472 banks with a combined capital of $8,840,800, and deposits approximating $90,000,000, of which sum about $60,000,000 is found in the guaranty banks.

At this time it is not possible to say how far balances in banks will be affected by the postal depositories, nor whether the claim of the protagonists of the system will prove correct, to the effect that large sums of money will be drawn from hiding places into circulation. On the surface, it appears that the banks themselves will furnish the greater part of postal savings deposits, which formerly they had free of cost; and more clearly than ever, that if bankers had adopted the guaranty system postal savings banks would still be far in the future. It would have meant money for the banker in the end, directly and indirectly. While the deposits may be returned, the banks are obliged to purchase bonds bearing a low rate of interest to protect these funds, and to pay the Government 2½ per cent. on balances. The short-sightedness of bankers in this respect is little less than amazing, from the fact that they have failed to realize that, after all, they are subscribing to the guaranty principle when they guarantee the deposits of the Government, which they might have had from the individual at a lower cost. It is clearly an admission of defeat, and the other face of the medal bears the mark of triumph for the guaranty principle.

Briefly to glance at the development of this principle, let us refer to the Safety Fund Act of New York of 1829, which has been frequently said to have resulted in failure. The truth is that for more than 12 years it operated advantageously, so that no depositor suffered the loss of a dollar. At this stage, how-

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ever, a case was taken to the Supreme Court and the decision resulted in all sorts of accounts being brought under the guarantee; frauds of the grossest kind were perpetrated and charged against the fund, so that in the end collapse was inevitable.

Two years later than the New York enactment, Vermont practically placed the same law on its statute books. The system was no more nor less than one of mutuality, a common fund being created for the safety of all, a fund for the protection of all outstanding credits; and there was not during the whole period of the life of this law a single failure in Vermont. The system itself was superseded by the National Banking Act, which cancelled the right of issue. The history of banking in this country shows that Vermont currency circulated uniformly at par during the time when the bills of other States were at a discount. One ought also to bear in mind that during this period the Republic suffered two of the most disastrous panics in our history, those of 1837 and 1857.

Canada has adopted practically unchanged the system of redemption which was of New England origin; at the present time bank failures are practically unknown in the Dominion, and even if a failure should occur, there is no possible way of losing funds on deposit in banks. This is brought about through the operation of the interchangeable credit system. In other words, the bills themselves merely represent a deposit on the books of the bank, and they are redeemable by an institution on presentation, and this guarantee is made possible by the fact that each bank is obliged to place in the hands of the Government a deposit equal to 5 per cent. of its average circulation, which is known as the bank circulation redemption fund.

The principle of the guarantee of deposits or, better still, the insurance of deposits is, therefore, not of recent origin. Bankers have been familiar with it under more conditions than one. Take, for example, the somewhat recent case, a variant of the principle, where certain well-known failures in Chicago would have brought on chaos. The clearing-house banks, not blind to their own safety, took over the accounts of the distressed institutions, paying depositors in full. It cost the allied banks

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a goodly sum, and yet they acted wisely, for uncertainty and distress breed dragons' teeth.

The principle of guarantee of deposits is akin to the much broader one of insurance in general. It is not unlike life insurance, for there are in both cases fixed tables with ratios of loss which operate infallibly. It is much simpler than fire insurance, where a fixed sum is paid annually for the guarantee of properties against loss, but where the moral hazard is x and the risk uncertain; and yet, while we complain of this tax, we gladly pay it.

The actual operation of chartered institutions, State and national, has shown that the depositor is fairly well protected. The total loss under the national system, during a period of forty-five years, has not been in excess of one-half mill per annum on each dollar deposited. Let us take a concrete illustration. If a bank's deposits average $1,000,000 for an entire year, the tax would reach approximately $500, which could be paid and charged to charity. (And indeed it would be a charity to contribute to a fund out of which poor struggling men and women are to be protected against loss of their savings.) Further, it is not too much to expect—with revised codes calling for stricter supervision and for closer scrutiny of would-be bankers—that this ratio of loss, this insurance or bank-deposit tax, can be materially reduced. As a matter of fact, we are already embarked upon a sea of reform, and the next forty years will find us sailing over waters beyond the sounding of the plummets of to-day.

It is, however, not the actual loss of dollars and cents that multiplies the evil of a bank failure, but the disordered state of mind into which the public is cast, perturbing not only the locality but spreading confusion over wide areas. The reader doubtless recalls what occurred some four years ago when the banks in New York began to topple. There was not a hamlet in the nation that escaped the submerging waves of financial distress. It would be hopeless to attempt to estimate the actual loss in dollars and cents occasioned by that disturbance; every man, woman and child was made to suffer. And the trouble arose from the mere fact that people were frightened, alarmed

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as to the safety of their funds in banks. It strikes one with ever-increasing force that the sanest way to eliminate these terrific upheavals in our financial world is to assure the public—nay, guarantee—that every dollar that is deposited with banks is as though locked in a vault and safe beyond peradventure.

From the banker's point of view, what would it not be worth to know that one's depositors would never come clamoring for the return of their money; and for the depositor, how comforting it would be to go to his labors from day to day with no thought for his savings! For the banker the inconsiderable tax would pay for itself many times over in augmented balances, for there are thousands of people who secrete, if not all, certain portions of their funds. It is also true that generation after generation is poisoned by the handing down of the tradition of losses met with in bank failures. It might or might not have been a legitimate institution, but the story is repeated nevertheless, and the adjuration to beware of banks is heeded. If then, a nearly negligible tax levied on all banks—one-twentieth of one per cent. on the average annual deposit—would reimburse every depositor of insolvent institutions throughout the country, would it be a display of too great foresight for bankers to band themselves together, creating a fund to take care of every bank which became involved, paying the depositor dollar for dollar within a reasonable time? The routine to be gone through to bring this about is one which would have to be studied and worked out, perhaps through several years of experience; but the problems are susceptible of solution.

In order to perfect our banking machinery, one thing further needs to be done, and that is that our State Legislatures shall enact adequate laws for the regulation of private banks. In some States the laws are so lax that a sign is all that is necessary to create a bank. Many people there are unable to discriminate—the sign on one door is as resplendent as that on another. A bank sign ought to mean something—it ought to stand for something positive, substantial, legitimate.

The possibilities underlying the principle of guarantee of deposits—not only for the banks themselves but for the interests of the people at large, for the safety and happiness of the Re-

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public—are immeasurable. Why should it not be nearly a panacea for panics? Surely it would be a remedy par excellence for distrust, for misapprehension; it would act as a governor on our financial machine, and in a hundred ways tend to stability.

It seems now, as we hasten on our rash way in America, that Congress will soon or late act intelligently on the report of the monetary commission and pass a law which will give us relief from the periodic congestions from which we suffer. If this law should follow in part the modified lines suggested by Mr. Rice in his article in the March FORUM, we should have reason to be thankful in large measure. If in addition we could have some insurance or guarantee feature, national in scope, we should indeed set forth on the high road that leads out of the broken hills into the plain. It is something to be able to see far ahead and far behind—to see the sun rise and set unobscured by the black clouds of distress or the mountains of disaster. For the banker it would mean the end of a bondage centuries old. It would in truth effect a revolution far beyond our dreams.

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VICTOR HUGO

EDGAR SALTUS

"IT must be very disagreeable," said Voltaire, "to be hanged obscurely." To hang at all—unless about an attractive woman—is hardly worth while. But, if hang one must, then to swing to the trumpet blare of publicity, one's picture in the papers, one's name in leaded type, with full accounts of ridiculous or merely terrific crimes, there is an escape, abrupt, brief, ignoble, yet none the less an escape from the blank anonymity to which humanity in the aggregate is eternally condemned. To climb, however transiently, from that abyss, what heroisms, what turpitudes, what labors herculean and follies rabelaisian has the world not seen, marvelled at and forgot? But to climb aloft and sit there always in the view of all; to be one with all high things forever; to say, as Swinburne has Sappho say: "Though thou diest, I say I shall not die," to say that and do it, is not an escape only but a flight—not to fame, not to infamy—in the perspectives of history sometimes you cannot quite tell one from the other—but from death.

In days gone by death was represented by a skeleton. Prose gave it a rictus, poetry a scythe; philosophy, wings. From its eyries it swooped, spectral and sinister. Since then it has acquired the serenity of a natural law. When it comes we know that a tenement has crumbled and a tenant gone forth. But where? Into oblivion.

From that, Fame, who is a great lady and a greater magician, saves no one. Though she come to you, touch you, take your hand, lead you to a niche, put you there, inciting the applause of crowds, though she do that, she cannot occupy herself exclusively with you nor can the applauding crowds. She passes to others. The crowds pass to their graves. Their passing is yours. Some survivor may linger, applauding still. Then he goes. With him you have ceased to be. For sarcophagus is a bookshelf; in memoirs perhaps a page, in biographical dictionaries a diminishing note. To visit these speculative spiders come.

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The shelf crumbles. You have lived your little span. Into the gehenna of oblivion you are gone. Unless—

Æschylus dedicated his works to Time. Unless you have had the forethought to do that, there is the end.

A Frenchman produced a book. Its success was immediate, immense, universal. Read in the Hebrides, it was quoted in Lahore. Editions multiplied in every tongue. There were wars, comets, earthquakes. These phenomena were unimportant. The book was the real event. An Englishman also produced a book. In fifty years forty-eight copies were sold. A hundred years later the total sale was forty-nine. Could anything be more ridiculous? Fancy a writer whose wares sell at the rate of a volume a century! Yet in that very prolonged and equally obscure agony he omitted to die. This absurd person was Shakespeare. The name of the great Frenchman was d'Urfé. Possibly there are encyclopædias that still cite him. But were you to scour the bookshops of Europe you would not find a copy of his astounding work,—though if you did you would throw it into the dust-bin. For there is where it belongs, where all books belong and all books go that have not had Time for collaborator. D'Urfé, during his brief day, strutted. He was a great man. Shakespeare was ignored. King Elizabeth, patron of arts and letters, succeeded in being royally unaware of his existence. That is the misfortune of genius. When not persecuted it is ignored. But usually it is a defendant. Acquittal only comes with death. Sometimes not even then. Poe is still in the dock. There are people yet living who knew him, loaned him a shilling, saw him drunk. It is nonsense to call such a man a genius. What genius was ever merely human? A genius is a fabulous being who lived a long time ago, who probably never lived at all and whom only prigs and professors can read. Anybody can read Poe. Besides, and here is the main point, Poe was not even respectable.

Æschylus was not either. Athens banished him. Rome banished Tacitus, Florence banished Dante, France banished Hugo. These giants inconvenienced pygmies. France afterward recalled Hugo, as Athens would have recalled Æschylus. But he was dead. No, that is an exaggeration. He was and is immor-

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tal. In recognition of the fact, in contrition too, Athens constituted herself the guardian of his plays. The latter were limited to single copies. If one wanted to read or to memorize them, permission had to be had of the State. Through a pride at once august and naïf, Athens clasped the exile to her breast, protecting what she had persecuted. These treasures a foreigner, one of the Alexandrine Ptolemies, wanted to examine. As guarantee of their safe return he offered a fortune. Athens, perhaps flattered, accepted. But the Ptolemy, the agreement concluded, abandoned the money and kept the plays. To recover them, Athens meditated war. The project was not sensible. It was sublime. What are men and ships by comparison with a masterpiece? Beings and boats are ephemeral. Only art endures. The art of Æschylus, of Dante and of Shakespeare has outlasted the annals of kings. The heavy portière of history, that has fallen on so much, shrouds diadems and puts genius in relief. Mention the monarchs that were and but the dead and the damned are evoked. Mention the omnipotents of letters, and the miracle of the loaves is exceeded. With their few books they have nourished a world. One may wonder how many such books are published to-day. Perhaps not all that we see advertised. Perhaps not all the best sellers. Perhaps not more than one or two or three out of the million works which the United States, with its bumper crop fecundity, has produced.

A million works is about the number that the library of the Ptolemies contained. The unique set of Æschylus received there honors quasi-divine. Centuries passed. Omar erupted. To Omar everything not in the Koran was false. He ordered the library destroyed. The plays of Æschylus that subsist, survived the massacre that resulted. Being immortal, they could not die. The rest of the library went into the dust-bin where perhaps it belonged, where mediocrity always does belong and where it always gets in the end.

From that fate there are lines as there are legends that are eternally secure. When London is gone from the map the *Nightingale* that Keats created will be singing. The sonnet known as that of Arvers will live as long as French is spoken. Even Alexander, master of the world though he were, could not, how-

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ever he tried, efface the *Avesta*. Even the police cannot suppress Boccaccio.

These examples might be multiplied. But not indefinitely. Yet they go to show that there are vases which, fragile though they seem, have the endurance of the diamond. They show, too, that books there are that cannot die. The number of the latter is not great, at least not profuse, in any event not large enough to exceed the capacity of a few dozen shelves. There is a formidable idea to the contrary. But that is because the majority of us fail to detect one of Time's oddest tricks. Time has made the name of many an author a household word without making the wares of that author household works. Actually the number of authors that nominally subsist but whose works are unresurrectably dead, is exceeded only by the number of authors that lack even a nominal existence. In spite of which, or rather precisely on that account, any book, however mediocre, represents some poor devil's effort to balk the grave, to scale the heights, to grasp some fringe of the mantle of stars. That effort, infinitely pathetic in itself, becomes even more so when one considers how many poor devils are at it and how they swarm and trip and fall at the lowest of the ladder's rungs.

"Hi, there! You! Have you ever existed?" Pluto, in an old dialogue, called at a shade. "Most certainly," the shade replied. "A Latin historian has noted: 'Aristatus lived.' I am the Aristatus to whom he referred."

Such reference constitutes a form of life that differs not at all from death and yet when one also considers how few there are that get even as much, the difficulties of the ladder, with the dust-bin below and the great fixed glories above, become easier to understand. But not to surmount. Those that succeed rise from the drainage of myriads. With such memory as the Recording Angel may retain of them, all others must be content.

Yet those that do succeed are, it may be, of a different essence. It may be too that they do not rise but descend. Among the earliest on the heights was Homer. Æschylus joined him. The omnipotents of art and thought gathered where they stood. The radiance which they now display contrasts so violently with the pallor of man that their filiation appears distinct. Perhaps

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it is. But in that case any attempt to trace it resolves into a problem of incarnation that transcends the limits of experience. Everything concerning them is so exceptional that the enigma of their origin becomes as mysterious as the provenance of the stars. None the less, one or two things seem clear. The function of genius is to create. Genius may therefore be the manifestation of a *Fiat Lux* which if not fortuitous must be designed. In the latter event genius may be a cerebral illumination rendered visible here by reason of the general opacity of thought, but proceeding primarily from an effulgence refracted elsewhere. For if, doctrinally, with the Church, we believe in the mission of Christ, then heretically, no doubt, yet reverently as well, we may believe in other missionaries, divine too, though not of the Divinity, and charged with messages of only inferior grace.

Zoroaster may have been one of these envoys, Phidias another, Apelles a third. Earthward from some chromatic star the soul of Plato may have sunk. From zeniths or from nadirs unknown to man Orpheus and Æschylus may have come. There are these, there are others. Now without resemblance to one another, on thrones in the ideal each sits alone. One may not approach nearer than their footstools, but those who succeed that far redescend, as Moses did from Sinai, with rays about the brow.

It is tentatively merely that the foregoing theory is advanced. Poets have offered superior epiphanies. Said Hugo: "Imagination's supreme peak is the ideal. In every epoch there are a few that try to reach it. From below they are watched. Onward and upward they climb. Clouds envelop them; they disappear, reappear. The precipice beckons. A misstep would not be very displeasing to those that stand and stare. But the ascent continues. They mount so high and so far that they seem but specks. 'How little they are!' the spectators exclaim. Little! They are giants. Meanwhile, dangers increase, the slopes are slippery, at every turn when there is not an abyss to skirt there is a cliff to climb. The cold too increases. There are steps to be cut in ice, footholds in hatred. Still they push on. The air diminishes, the heights repel, the abysses multiply. Some, outwearied, drop by the way. So much the better. Others stop

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and redescend. The intrepid advance, the predestined persist. But glory is as treacherous as the scarps they have climbed. Chasms dropping beneath them try to draw them down, eagles eye them, lightning fumbles them, inch by inch they must battle with the storm. No matter, they are obstinate; however menaced, still they proceed. He who reaches the top is your equal, Homer!"

Hugo, he is yours.

Hugo also reached the top. The light he there projected is quite intense. Sometimes when you are not withered by it, you are sunstruck. Of the two conditions heliosis is perhaps the more frequent. But you are exposed to other assaults, to words that are bombs, to sentences that are rapiers, to pages that lash, to books that thunder, to the contagion of pity and to scenes that are choked with tears:

> Les plus désespérés sont les chants les plus beaux,
> Et j'en sais d'immortels qui sont de purs sanglots.

One does not choose between tears, yet if some may be preferred to others it will be those to which de Musset referred. The *Misérables* convey them. There are sobs in that book. There are also shudders, unexceeded perhaps since Æschylus. Of the central character one might say a god doomed to expiate among demons the mystery of some celestial crime. The simile may seem excessive. But so is Jean Valjean. So is Ruy Blas. So is Gwynplaine. So is Gilliatt. So is Hernani. Hugo's characters are all excessive. But they exist. They do better, they persist. There is more longevity in them than in the pale multitudes of the quick. Men and women who may do the present writer the honor to read this page are phantoms by comparison. They will pass. These others endure. In them is that quantity of eternity that belongs but to masterworks. Antiquity foundered, the gods were reabsorbed and forgot. From that shipwreck of a world and of a sky, Ulysses, escaping, survives. Since the *Divina Commedia* dawned, the heavens have been unveiled and the earth enlarged. These miracles were insufficient to ablate that marvel. Since Shakespeare wrote there has been a Renaissance more effective than that which closed and bolted the Gothic door of the

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Middle Ages. Hamlet moribund then is universal now. So are Jean Valjean, Ruy Blas, Les Travailleurs and l'Homme qui rit. These are but dreams, you may say. But dreams that achieve immortality are more real than the children of men.

Dreams are common enough. The test of their endurance is originality and that is an attribute which in the strict sense no one possesses. Wit like life is transmitted by infusion. It is probable that that which had been uncouthly stuttered Homer divinely retold. It is possible that through the alchemy of genius Dante transmuted dross into gold. It is presumable that Shakespeare usurped territories and transformed them into realms. Hugo also had his indebtedness, but only to the Muses and to God. In one of the St. Helenic nights Las Casas said to Napoleon: "Sire, at Potsdam, had I been you, I would have taken the sword of Frederick the Great and I would have worn it." Negligently the ogre answered, "I had my own."

So had Hugo his. Mention the Corsican's and you think of Charlemagne's and of Cæsar's. Attila's flashes, Alexander's gleams. In a foreground rises Tamarlane's running down with blood. Mention Hugo's and when you look you find there is none other like it. What it evokes is the glare of genius at its apogee.

Any glare is offensive to vermin. Years ago on a Paris sheet the present writer encountered this cameo: "Victor Hugo, toothless and bald from nameless excesses, has just produced another obscene book." An intaglio such as that emanates from the sewer, the human sewer which anonymous critics can contrive to be. It has been asked why are they anonymous? Why indeed! Why do vermin love the dark?

Lamartine said that Hugo wrote like a simpleton. Hugo, whom the remark amused, called it a swan's attempt to bite. But simpleton is a term that smells of oppoponax when compared with the scurrilities which spite devised. Spite is the admiration of the envious. Fontanelle called Æschylus a fool. Chandon described Dante as a buffoon. De Maistre qualified Michel Angelo as a bore. Ben Johnson declared that Shakespeare was stupid. Yet then did not one Athenian assert that Plato was a scoundrel and another announce that Socrates was a thief? Blos-

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soms such as these are in accordance with the curious malediction under which genius rests. They are part of the crown of thorns.

Whenever and wherever a great mind gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is Golgotha. The aphorism is Heine's, whose mind, while delightful, failed to be great. The defect is pleasing. One may read Heine without being brutalized. Milton may bore, he never offends. Tennyson's manners are perfect. The charm that Vergil, Camoens and Goethe exhale, is, relatively, as engaging. But there is nothing civil in Homer. The *Iliad* is a cavern flooded with blood. There is nothing urbane in Æschylus. Before his spectres women swooned. Dante is an abyss in which there is lightning. Shakespeare is as immoderate as the sea. These are forces of nature. Vergil, Milton, Camoens and Goethe are human beings. Homer, Æschylus, Dante and Shakespeare are human oceans. Grandeur is about them and the monstrous within. The forces of nature alarm. Mainly they are incomprehensible and it is the incomprehensible that dismays.

Hugo also alarmed. For sixty years he was a volcano in active eruption. But above the crater was a sky from which, in an enchanted shower, fell sequins, opals, perfumes and stars. These mingled with the lava. Intermediately poured streams of rubbish, rivers of declamation inflated yet flat. The swan's attempt to bite was not therefore unprovoked. Hugo wrote too much. In the excess was the pontifical and also the trite. It may be that in the lost plays of Æschylus there was an equal amount of verbiage. But from his meagre remains he rises the taller for what has been lost. Ultimately the same may be true of Hugo. Disencumbered of the trivial and the labored, it may come to be recognized that, a sorcerer in verse and in meditation a seer, he was the Spanish grandee of the drama.

Meanwhile, in any summary of him, the story of the fairies recurs. As a writer, Hugo had every gift, save one; Homer's laughter, Cervantes' humor, Shakespeare's mirth, he lacked or else disdained. Often sinister, more often superb, he was not always serene. That, however, is perhaps explicable. He wrote with one hand and fought with both. The adventurer who called

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himself Napoleon III complained that "Monsieur" Hugo had a personal quarrel with him. Hugo admitted it. "But," he said, "it is the old quarrel of the judge on the bench with the felon in the dock." On the part of a poet silence were perhaps better than the long arraignments—*Napoléon le Petit* and *Histoire d'un Crime*—that ensued. Yet Tacitus branded, Juvenal flayed, Dante gibbeted. Hugo damned. Also he built.

Hugo, primarily an artist, was an architect. He erected a gallery from which Time may detach many a column. But doubtless enough will remain to uphold the dome. Even now it is not difficult to differentiate between the destructible and the lasting. Hugo had three distinct methods. These developed before, during and after exile. It was in the solitudes of the middle period that he elaborated the lasting. Plays from the first period and poems from the third possess a probable longevity. But the works done at Guernsey—*Les Misérables, Les Travailleurs du Mer, L'Homme Qui Rit, Quatre-vingt-treize, Les Châtiments* and *Les Contemplations*—are perhaps as enduring as anything fashioned by man can be. In any event, for a long time yet, they are certainly safe from the dust-bin.

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SOLOMON BLUEBEARD

CHARLES MARRIOTT

I

ALL the time Barr was taking her over the great building he kept thinking about Solomon and the Queen of Sheba, and when, looking round with her beautiful short-sighted eyes, she said: "The half was not told me," he chuckled aloud and his hand closed on hers. The same humorous detachment which made him decline a knighthood and confess to keen pleasure in the idea that the woman he was about to marry was Lady Frances in her own right enabled him to swallow the tribute without blinking.

"Yes, I'm a wonderful man," he said, facing her squarely before the little group of subordinates.

"I wonder if you know how wonderful," she said, in the dim voice that made him think of her eyes, and turned away.

From the roof garden where customers were given tea in summer to the rifle-range in the basement where, lying down divinely and adjusting the pince-nez she had hitherto not confessed, she had made a bull's eye—"And not a Lord Mayor's bull's eye with the marker's pencil, mind you, but well in at seven o'clock," said the attending commissionaire who cherished the pierced card and the empty shell—she had seen it all. They had finished up with tea, not in the roof-garden, for it was only May, but in the staff dining-room where the available heads of departments were presented to her, each to be won with the memorable word, so effortless and so apt, that made her lover marvel again at her perfect sympathy. It was young Pearce, the head of the house decoration department and not many years from Oxford, who had been encouraged by the memorable word to remind her that she had not seen his gray and rose room. That was why, instead of coming down to the ground floor after tea, they had stopped the lift at the second.

Here Barr good-naturedly allowed Pearce to make the running and artfully edge her interest from the professional to the

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personal with allusions to his adventures among pots and patterns in Persia and Japan: to be rewarded for his complaisance with the tribute to his wonderfulness, which Pearce's coxcombry —as the young man was made to feel by the elbow of an envious colleague—had only helped to illustrate.

Now they were walking toward the lift, Pearce in the rear having it rubbed in by his colleagues in jocular undertones, that he hadn't scored by asking for preferential treatment, when she stopped and peered.

"This looks older," she said.

Barr did not answer immediately, and Pearce, with a warning kick at his tormentors, blurted out:

"It's part of the original building, Lady Frances."

She looked at Barr, who nodded and said: "It was taken in."

"Taken in?" she repeated, and then, with a swift comprehension and the faintest emphasis, murmured: "Oh, I *wonder* if you know."

"Aha!" he chuckled and, in order not to seem to be bundling her off, placed his hand affectionately on Pearce's shoulder. She turned to enter the lift.

"And what's that little room?"

"Nothing, nothing," he said on a high, careless note, though Pearce felt the pressure of his hand. She glanced at him quickly and he began:

"It's——"

"Never mind," she said, in a tone of such exaggerated soreness that Barr laughed, and the subordinates laughed, and in the momentary freedom she made her farewells.

"I must go home and think about it all. Good-bye, Mr. Pearce, and don't forget to send me the book about Persian Lustre; good-bye, Miss Harrod, Mr. Duke——" and never a name astray.

In the lift she talked to Barr about people who were to be his fellow-guests at dinner with her that evening. There wasn't a trace of preoccupation in her manner, but as, bareheaded, he bent over her hand when she took her seat in the white car he believed that she was trying not to glance up at the second floor windows.

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II

There was no reason why she shouldn't have seen the little room, he said to himself, as he went smiling upstairs—for he habitually ignored the lift. If he had thought of it he would have shown it to her "first thing." If he had thought of it? . . . Honestly, he had not. That showed how unimportant it really was. But, unimportant as it was, it was not a thing to be stumbled upon as an accident of young Pearce's coxcombry. There must be a little explanation.

He hadn't been to the little room for goodness knew how long. Certainly not since—he smiled upon the inappropriate word—his courtship. That set him thinking upon the wonderful experience. He had met her—Lady Frances Yule, the widow of a famous lawyer—at a political dinner. He was interested and she was amused, was the way he summed it up at the time. Then he called upon her in Grosvenor Street; and called again with the mixture of purpose, challenge, hope and incredulity that came out in the words: "Well, will you marry me?" She said: "With all my heart," and even now he had not half exhausted the meanings of that answer, which had left him a little abashed. It was as if, though earnestly hoping that she would marry him, he had been prepared to say: "I knew you wouldn't!"

The little room that hindered the smooth run of the second floor was so evidently a kink in the organization of the great building that it would have been a miracle if she had overlooked it. A kink. . . . Well, he supposed he had a kink. He unlocked and flung open the door, standing for a moment to get what might be her impression. "It's like a birthplace," he thought, smiling broadly. The original ceiling sagged low; the boards were bare; a deal table, two cane-seated chairs and one of wickerwork with chintz-covered cushions, a cupboard and a bookcase were all the furniture. Upon the sage green walls were a few cheap reproductions of great pictures; upon the narrow mantelshelf there was the photograph of a rather intense looking young woman.

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More than twenty years ago George Barr had nearly starved in this room on what he quite sincerely believed to be love of literature and love of this young woman. Both beliefs had been mistaken, but they had been real while they lasted. He opened the drawer of the deal table and pulled out papers. At forty-three he blushed to read them. Almost vindictively he turned to the photograph. What on earth was it in women that made them cocker a man up in his weakness and ignore his powers?

But he could not feel vindictive when he recalled, like a sickness, the white passion that the face of Annie Swanson had inspired. It had sent him from provincial flesh pots, as they were represented by his father's business of auctioneer and estate agent, to starve in London. What was more amazing still, it had so cockered him up that he didn't quite starve, but sold enough essays, short stories and even poems to encourage the belief that he might finally succeed. And, to be strictly just, in driving him from the provincial flesh pots it had driven him into his own game. If he had not left home he would not have met Hobday, the hard-headed, bandy-legged little Birmingham dealer who had given him a room, this room, in which to starve on literature and the love of Annie Swanson.

He put down the photograph as if, as Annie said at the time, Hobday had come between them. It was Hobday who, misunderstanding the function of literature but not his man, had induced him to write the pamphlet advertising a new labor-saving device for the kitchen. He had written it reluctantly, half-ashamed of the creative joy he found in the task. He could see Hobday now, sitting on the deal table in his shirt sleeves and looking from the paper to him with a comical expression of awe which the essays, short stories and poems had never excited. "That's *your* game," he said. "Stand in with me and we'll sweep London." Of course he didn't believe Hobday and he blushed now to think of the way he had stood out; deceiving himself, when he finally consented to stand in, with the sophistry that he was doing it to help Hobday.

He could see now that the surest proof that he wasn't doing it to help Hobday was the loss of Annie. He wouldn't have given up Annie for Hobday; he gave her up for his own game.

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Or, rather, she gave him up. She would marry an artist, but not a tradesman. She wrote stilted letters about "turning back from the plough," "the sacrifice of ideals," and so on. She was wrong, of course. When once he stood in with Hobday and the business began to respond he knew that he was doing his functional thing; that he was following his genius. He tried to make her see that, but it was no use. "Genius" for her meant essays, short stories and poems. "And look at 'em!" he said, now, with a disgusted eye upon the papers.

So she gave him up. At the time he was truly grieved, and there could be no doubt that the rapid success of his game owed something to the lover's contradictory desires to forget her and to justify his choice. Now he saw that, putting his game on one side, it had been a lucky escape for both of them. As he remembered her she was not the woman for the man he had become.

He had kept the room, which had been at the top of the Birmingham warehouse, and was not more sacred to Annie than to Hobday, as a sort of mascot. At one time he used to come here almost daily to renew himself, but in his new-found happiness he had forgotten all about it. He had no longer any use for it. He perceived that it would be difficult to explain all this to Lady Frances, and he wished that he had remembered to have the room dismantled before she visited the building. Not that he was ashamed of his small beginning; Lady Frances knew all about that, but it would be difficult to make her understand the feeling that caused him to keep the room as a mascot. Trying to find a phrase to describe the feeling, he could think of nothing better than the words which had come into his mind when he unlocked the door. There was a kink in his nature.

III

All through dinner he was hoping, vainly, as he knew, that she had forgotten the little room. Otherwise the dinner was a success. He was popular, and she had collected people who made him feel that his popularity was worth having: a Member of Parliament who said that he had superseded labor legisla-

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tion; a Royal Academician who complained that his posters were the real pictures of the year; a pretty American girl who told him that "Barr's" was just the happiest thought in London. Barr knew that, allowing for humorous exaggeration, what they said was true; when a man played his own game everything about him fell into healthy relations. He took no credit to himself for the happy thought; he had the luck and the chance to play his own game, and the rest followed. He had enemies, but, remembering his own false start, he said that they did not understand. His attitude to the world was "Come and play with me."

"Solomon Bluebeard," she said, the moment they were alone.

"Here's the key," he said, presenting it to her.

She applied it to his heart.

"Whole strings of 'em," he said, in a tone of mock remorse.

"And are they all dead?"

"All but one, and she, poor thing, was never alive."

She nodded as if she understood, but after a moment said:

"Are you sure that she didn't come to life when you—strung her up?"

"Come," he said, with a sudden inspiration, "you shall see the little room."

"When?" she asked, eagerly.

"Now."

Not the least delightful thing about her, he thought, as upon her gesture he rang the bell for a servant, was her keen sense of adventure.

"But will it really tell me anything?" she asked, when he was fastening her rose-colored cloak.

"I'm hanged if I know," he said, in genuine despair.

Night watchmen swung doors and sped the lift with a stolid alacrity that spoke of an organization habitually tested at any hour.

"You shall unlock the door," he said, when they came to the little room. She did so with a mock-tragic gesture that covered more agitation than he knew. He switched on the light.

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"And this was you," she said, softly, from the middle of the room.

"Can't deny it," he said.

"But do you want to?" she said, turning on him quickly.

"All this?" he said, indicating the visible contents of the room. "Lord, no!"

"What, then?"

"It doesn't seem to join on."

Bending short-sightedly and holding her cloak about her, she moved lightly across the floor. She made him think of a witch doctor.

"May I?" she said, indicating the photograph.

"That's what I brought you for," he said, and then rather wished he hadn't, because it seemed to put too much on Annie Swanson, who, after all, was only part of the story.

"She looks intelligent," said Lady Frances.

"She was," he complained.

"Ah, you mustn't."

"I mean she was too intelligent for the likes o' me," said Barr.

"Ah, then she wasn't."

"Wasn't what?"

"Intelligent."

"Anyhow, she gave me up."

"Really, really?" said Lady Frances. "The sweet fool!" and kissed the photograph. "Supposing I hadn't noticed the room," she went on.

"I should have cleared it out," he said frankly.

"And robbed me," she murmured.

He didn't quite understand that, but, relying on her insight, told her the story as one might tell a dream to an interpreter. He soon saw that she was inclined to make too much of Annie Swanson. Not in the sense of supposing he was, or ought to have been, still in love with her. She wanted to know what had become of Annie Swanson, with the implied reproach that he had been remiss in not finding out. He impressed upon her that Annie Swanson had given him up.

"Yes, but not *that* you," she said.

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That, again, he didn't understand. He was beginning to be bored with the little room and what it stood for. He had something better, now, with which to renew himself, and he bent to kiss the slender woman at his side. For the first time she gracefully evaded him, though when they were outside the little room she kissed him warmly and said: "You dear, dear boy, I wouldn't have missed it for worlds."

IV

Barr was too good a man of business to ignore irrational fancies. That, indeed, was where he scored over his business rivals. They went by the facts while he responded to the movements in the air, of which facts are the belated confirmation. He said that he did not deal in tombstones. Though it was ridiculous that Annie Swanson should come out of that queer corner of his life to trouble him now, he recognized her potentialities between him and the woman he loved. He had no woman on his conscience, though more than one had a better right than Annie to claim his regret; but when he implied as much to Lady Frances she put the matter by as understood of a man who did not pretend to be flawless. It was only Annie, whom he had kissed once, that she found interesting—and that sort of interest was inconvenient.

His method of dealing with Annie was characteristic. He sent for Pearce, who, besides managing the house decoration department, was his personal aid, and said to him without explanation or preliminaries: "I want you to find out what became of a Miss Annie Swanson who in 1887 was governess at the Vicarage of Melhurst in Somerset."

Pearce took down the details without comment. If Barr had told him to catch butterflies or to count the red-haired women who passed the Marble Arch on a Sunday afternoon he would have accepted the task as bearing in some way known to Barr on his official duties. In half a day he came to Barr and said:

"In October, 1888, Miss Annie Swanson married Mr. George Maggs, farmer, of Wincote, Gloucestershire."

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Barr laughed. Pearce continued:

"Mr. George Maggs died in May, 1905. His widow, two sons and one daughter are now living at Wincote. Mrs. Maggs runs the farm with the help of a steward. In summer she takes in paying guests."

Barr said: "The devil she does!"

Pearce allowed three seconds, and then went on to the next entry in his notebook, which concerned the price of China silk. When he had removed himself, Barr wrote to Mrs. Maggs, proposing to call on her the following week, when he would find himself in her neighborhood. Her immediate answer struck him as rather fluttered than cordial. She would be delighted to see him, of course, but between the conventional phrases he felt a prickle of uneasiness.

The plump, handsome, flushed and voluble widow who received him at a prosperous-looking Cotswold farm had no more than the eyes of Annie Swanson, and their expression was changed from yearning to complacency. Remembering his imaginary rôle of Bluebeard he called her "Fatima" at sight. She presented him to her solemn sixteen-year-old High School daughter—one of her sons was at a theological college, the other at "Blundell's"—as "a very old friend of—mine." The last word was an appealing squeak, and Barr guessed that at the last moment her conscience would not allow her to say "your father's." Barr had not known the late Mr. George Maggs, but he was prepared to swear that he had been on Annie Swanson's horizon when she gave him up. He understood that she was nervous, not so much of him as of her solemn daughter, but at the same time she was so uncertain of his motive in coming that she would not be alone with him for a moment. The embarrassed atmosphere reacted upon the child, who regarded him over the generous tea-table with disapproving eyes. He might have been the bailiff. He felt inconvenient, but amused, and observed to himself that apparently Mrs. Maggs hoped to buy him off with hot scones. Finding that beyond asking about common acquaintances of their youth he made no reference to the past, her spirits rose and by the end of the meal she was quite hilarious. She had heard of "Barr's," of course, and

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said that she must come there the very next time she was in London. It mightn't be long—and then she blushed. Barr's discreet and sympathetic allusions to earlier subjects of conversation brought the coy admission that Mrs. Maggs was about to be married again. The fortunate man was the vicar of the parish, a childless widower.

"So you see," said Mrs. Maggs, as if it explained everything, "there will be a curacy for George directly he is ordained."

From her unconcealed relief when he went away Barr surmised that the reverend lover was expected to supper that evening. At the very last moment she hoped hurriedly that Barr was getting on all right. Evidently she hadn't in the least taken in that he might be considered a person of some consequence. She was too delicate to promise him an order, but she assured him again that she would not forget "Barr's" the very next time she was in London.

"Which won't be long," he said mischievously, as he pressed her hand. But for compassion of her genuine discomfort at his presence he would have contrived to put a touch of disappointment into his parting congratulations.

V

"Ah, but then, you see, I have no sense of humor," said Lady Frances when he told her the story.

"Why," he said, with a chuckle, "her sole concern was that I should not rake up an inconvenient past."

"Yes, I see that," she said, rather sadly.

Barr felt puzzled, but her manner did not encourage further discussion. That night they went to the opera, and it happened to be *Götterdämmerung*. At the fall of the curtain he said:

"But I thought Siegfried was invulnerable."

"Almost," she said, "but, if you remember, a leaf fell on his back."

The strange glance that accompanied the words, the triviality of "leaf" and "back" in the sense of the past, oppressed him. Sensitive to every inflection and expression of the woman

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he loved, he felt that the little room was becoming an obsession.

Though not superstitious he had to confess that it cost him an effort to carry out what seemed to him the common-sense thing. On the morrow he gave directions that the little room on the second floor should be dismantled and its contents destroyed. At the first convenient opportunity he would have the necessary structural alterations made to throw the room into the general run of the floor.

"Have the books and pictures burnt and the furniture taken to the basement and chopped up," he said. Afterwards it struck him that the feeling of doing something ruthless had made him rather scriptural in his order. "But," as he said to himself, "there shan't be any leaves on my back."

In the afternoon he went down to see that his orders had been properly carried out. He found the room bare and an elderly charwoman pottering about before setting to work with bucket and brush. As he greeted her kindly he observed that she kept one hand behind her back and he commented on the furtive picking and hoarding of her class. "If they want to keep anything, why on earth can't they ask for it?" he thought, but he said nothing to the woman.

When he told Lady Frances what he had done she laughed and said: "Silly boy."

"It's always a mistake to keep relics of the past," he said, aggressively.

"Yes—to keep them," she agreed.

He felt that she was in a contradictory mood, but, encouraged, he went on: "I can see now that I was always getting hung up on them. Not that I ever regretted the loss of what they represented," he added, hastily.

"It was a real time," she said, repeating a phrase of his own.

"Yes—at the time," he admitted, rather crossly. "But it didn't really count; it was a false start, a kink, a twist. You surely don't mean to say that you think there was anything in it, that she was right, that I ought to have kept on?"

"Oh, no," she said; "it seems to me quite clear that she was mistaken."

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VI

Still, he was not satisfied. There was no difference outwardly in her manner to him, but there was something at the back of her mind. He knew that it was not that absurd person Mrs. Maggs who, as Annie Swanson, had inspired what he now described as the moon-gazing period of his life. It was as if he had left something undone. For the life of him he could not think what it was, but the very effort of trying to find out made him recognize how immensely his love had grown since the day Lady Frances had paid her first visit to "Barr's." Accustomed to being frank with himself, he knew, or thought he knew, what had first attracted him to her. Her strange, dim beauty that many people failed to see appealed to his senses and flattered his discernment. Her slightness, her stoop, her short-sighted eyes and uncertain voice made up a personality that lurked for discovery rather than flashed upon the observer. Then, he was not ashamed to confess, her birth was part of the attraction: the title went for nothing, but race was real. For the rest, her intelligence, her wit, her social gifts and her acquaintances made her in every way desirable as a wife.

But these things, real as they were and natural in their appeal to a successful middle-aged man, were only her attributes. When he asked her to marry him he had hardly got beyond them. If she had refused him he would have been disappointed, but he would not have suffered more than a successful middle-aged man might be supposed to suffer. That, he saw, was why her answer, "With all my heart," had a little abashed him as if he had got rather more than he expected. Now it was different. It was no longer her attributes, dear as they were, but herself that he wanted. Before he would have been content with a successful alliance: now he would not be satisfied with anything short of perfect union.

While it would be too much to say that the little room had worked this change in his love it had revealed deep upon deep in a nature that more than any attribute was now the object of his love. It had been the occasion of a dozen "sayings" that

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he cherished in his heart. Now in some obscure way it came between him and the woman he loved. He blessed and cursed the little room.

"You're preoccupied," she said to him one evening.

The new tenderness he felt for her prompted him to a wise simplicity and he said:

"There's something between us, dear."

Her eyes moistened, but she smiled—not ironically, but as a mother might smile upon a perverse child.

"Give me the boy who sat in that room," she said.

Not understanding her, he said:

"I would if I could, but he died long ago."

"Are you sure?" she said, meaningly.

"What do you mean?" he asked, and she said quickly:

"Then you are sorry that he died?"

At all risks he admitted: "Yes, I am."

She turned away and for a moment he thought that he had hurt her. From her writing-table she came back with something in her hands.

"There he is," she whispered. It was the photograph of Annie Swanson.

"Ah, don't be angry with me," she cried, dropping on her knees beside him. "If you knew what I went through to get it, and the extraordinary luck!"

"I'm not angry," he said, "but I don't see——"

"No, of course you don't," she said compassionately. "Poor Solomon, poor Bluebeard, they never did understand women and that's what made them cruel. You laughed at her—for what she couldn't help. Oh, I'm not blaming you for outgrowing her. She was just not quite big enough; she did not quite love you—not the real you. But for what she loved, and for what she gave me, she's sacred. And you would have robbed me!"

Dimly he began to understand what had been between them. And what he did not understand she told him between smiles and tears: the woman's need for everything, the weakness as well as the strength; the kinks, the twists, the false starts; the man, the boy, the child.

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"But how did you get it?" he said, when he could speak calmly.

Pearce, it appeared, had been the unconscious instrument. "It's his fate, the dear, nice-looking boy," she said in parenthesis. Under the pretence of having left something in the little room she had got from Pearce the address of Mrs. Bone, the charwoman.

"There isn't a charwoman living who doesn't save a scrap of some sort," she told him, "though I never expected such luck as this! But all that's nothing to what it cost me. To go to my man's place, to question his subordinates, to lie, to mystify—I don't think, my dear," she concluded, "that I shall ever be called upon to do more for you than that."

But she wouldn't tell him what she gave Mrs. Bone for the photograph.

"That's women's business," she said firmly.

"There's something more," she told him presently.

"You don't want me to begin all over again, to revive him?" he said, in mock alarm.

"No, stupid, he's in my heart. But you can give him back his room."

So it was done. In the face of inquisitive subordinates he had the little room as nearly as might be reconstructed. He had made for her a little golden key and on a day they went to the room together. She drew him to the photograph of Annie Swanson, now framed in silver over the fireplace, and put her arms about him.

"Now I can kiss my man in the presence of the woman who, poor dear, wasn't quite big enough to love him," she said.

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SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES IN GERMAN POLITICS

J. SALWYN SCHAPIRO

"HE who doubts that Germany shall henceforth be governed in a liberal and social spirit is blind politically," was the comment of Ernest Bassermann, the leader of the National Liberals, on the recent election to the Reichstag. In spite of the lack of concrete definite issues, no election since 1870 has been so significant as the one that was held in January, 1912. For many years the German people have been advancing with halting steps on the road to self-government. Forces which have long been at work in the politics of the Fatherland, are now for the first time beginning to make themselves felt. Germany is at the cross-roads; not at the sharp turn of revolution, but at the gentle yet decided curve of evolution toward political democracy.

The antecedents of the recent election go back to the one of 1907 when the Conservative parties, as a result of a khaki campaign over colonial expansion, won 105 seats and could count on the Liberals with their 85 members and a possible Centre support of 105. The Social Democrats were roundly beaten, having lost about half their seats, and numbered but a paltry 43 deputies. This was the high tide of Junker success, and their brilliant leader, Prince von Bülow, then Chancellor, proceeded to organize the coalition known as the "Bülowblok," composed of Conservatives and Liberals, the representatives of national ideals as opposed to the internationalism of the Socialists and the ultramontanism of the Catholics. To all appearances the "national" combination seemed safely intrenched in power and von Bülow destined to remain in office indefinitely.

But nowhere are appearances more deceptive than in "Blok" politics. The alliance of Liberals with Conservatives was an unnatural combination of elements whose interests were mutually hostile. Middle-class industrialists representing capital and agrarian aristocrats representing land are not apt to work harmoniously except under stress of a revolution from be-

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low. Let an important economic issue arise and the carefully nurtured "Bülowblok" would be rent in twain. Such an issue did arise in the Imperial budget of 1908, when the Chancellor recommended an inheritance tax to pay for the increase in the army and navy. The Conservatives refused to support it, and the Liberals dared not oppose it, with the result that the "Blok" went to pieces. The Centre rallied to the support of the Conservatives, the inheritance tax was voted down and von Bülow was forced to resign. The determination of the agrarians to defend their class interests at all costs unwittingly set a precedent for ministerial responsibility which, in theory, they utterly reject and abhor. This "Desperado-politik," as it was termed, of the Junkers was one of the chief causes of the recent electoral overturn. As in England, it was a budget to provide for the increased cost of armament that was to prove the undoing of the Conservatives.

The task of forming a new "Blok" was given to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, the new Chancellor. As Germany cannot be governed without the Conservatives or with the Socialists, an alliance had to be formed with the Centre, the only party which had the votes and the desire to support the Conservatives. It was then that the notorious "blue-black blok" was organized which governed the Empire during the last five years in the teeth of growing popular discontent. In spite of religious differences, the new coalition worked harmoniously, as both parties represented essentially agrarian interests. In order to raise the new taxes, the Government introduced what it euphemistically termed "financial reform" or consumption taxes on tobacco, beer, tea, coffee, sugar, brandy, matches; stamp taxes on checks, notes, shares of stock, etc. The middle and working classes saw with dismay the Government in the hands of the agrarians, who were determined to throw the burden of taxation on their shoulders. Popular discontent expressed itself in the by-elections, which in almost every instance went in favor of the Socialists, and increased their representation from 43 to 53. In 1909 was organized the powerful Hansabund with a membership of 300,000 merchants and manufacturers whose aim was to fight the agrarian interests. As everywhere else, prices have been rising

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in Germany, and, as everywhere else, the party in power was blamed. To fan the flame of popular indignation came the Morocco fiasco, which further discredited the Government.

It was at this time of general dissatisfaction that the new Reichstag was to be elected. On January 2, 1912, the official organ of the Government, the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung,* published an appeal to the electors to support the Government. It declared that the great industrial development of Germany was the outcome of national unity, and that the social problems attendant thereon were bravely and efficiently met. Factional and class conflicts were weakening the German people. The Empire was the envy of all other nations, hence the need of a strong army and navy to protect its interests. A Reichstag should be elected that would aid in the work of industrial development, social reform and the protection of national interests. The Social Democrats have no sympathy with these tasks, hence coöperation with them is impossible; moreover this "party of disorder and negation" was an ever-present danger to the unity of the Empire and the present system of society. Therefore it behooved all other parties, particularly those representing the middle classes, to unite in support of the Government at the polls. The Conservative-Centre "Blok" presented no programme to indorse or reject, but merely contented itself by raising the cry of "Down with the Socialists!"

The election showed the following results:

Socialists,	110	seats—gain	of	57	seats
Centre,	93	" —loss	"	10	"
Radicals,	46	" "	"	3	"
National Liberals,	44	" "	"	7	"
Conservatives,	43	" "	"	15	"
Free Conservatives,	13	" "	"	12	"
Anti-Semites,	14	" "	"	6	"
Poles,	19	" "	"	1	"
Danes, Alsatians and Guelphs,	13	" "	"	1	"
Independents,	2	" "	"	2	"

The number of seats captured by the "Blok," including the Particularists and Independents who generally vote with it, is 197; whereas, the Left can count only 202, a majority of five.

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The total number of votes was 12,206,808. Of these, the Socialists received 4,250,329 or 35 per cent. of the whole; Centre 2,035,290 or 17 per cent.; Conservative groups 1,855,946 or 15.5 per cent.; National Liberals 1,672,619 or 13 per cent.; Radicals 1,558,330 or 12.5 per cent. The Socialists gained about one million votes; the Centre lost about 145,000 votes; the Conservatives lost about 150,000; the National Liberals gained about 350,000; and the Radicals gained about 325,000. The total vote of all the Left parties in round numbers was 7,338,000, and of all the Right parties 4,664,000, a clear majority for the Left of about 2,674,000 votes.

For the first time in the history of the Empire, the German people, by an overwhelming majority, have refused a vote of confidence to their Government. In a truly democratic State, this would inevitably lead to a change of Government. What is usually forgotten, however, is that the Reichstag is not a legislature in the full sense of that term, but a ratifying body which legitimatizes the legislation of the Bundesrat or Federal Council. The Reichstag is still in the "protesting" stage of its development, very much like the English Parliament in the time of the Stuarts. Hence the ballot in Germany is largely an academic affair. To vote means that an opportunity is given to the elector to say whether he likes or dislikes the policies of the Government, not that it should be ousted. An adverse vote is merely a form of "heckling" those in control. The German workman, unlike his French brother, does not take kindly to barricades and street fights. He prefers to march in protest; to speak in protest, to vote in protest; in short to do everything but fight in protest. He is the only political Platonist extant. Nevertheless, over seven million voices shouting in protest may cause even a Romantic Kaiser and a reactionary aristocracy to listen with respect.

The most significant result of the election is undoubtedly the increase in votes, seats and prestige of the Socialists. For the first time they find themselves the leading party in the Reichstag. The growth from 124,000 votes in 1871 to 4,251,000 in 1912, or over one-third of the entire electorate, is sufficiently startling to awaken the liveliest apprehensions in regard to German poli-

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tics. The common explanation, that it is not a Socialist, but a protest vote, which rolls up this enormous total, is true enough. But it fails to take into consideration the important fact that the habit of voting the Socialist ticket, once acquired, becomes a confirmed part of the elector's political psychology and tends to change his entire outlook upon society in general. The number of Socialist voters who desire the immediate establishment of the Coöperative Commonwealth is, in all likelihood, very small in any country. The Socialist vote everywhere is a protest against political and economic conditions, and especially so in Germany. The important thing to bear in mind is, however, that so many Germans have chosen the Social Democrats as their medium of protest. The marked tendency of all currents of discontent to flow into the Socialist channel is mainly due to the fact that the Liberal parties have so often played false to their ideals by allying themselves with the Conservatives. To vote Socialist, then, has become the most effective way of demanding that the Reichstag should become truly a legislature, ministerial responsibility be established, the iniquitous three-class Prussian franchise abolished, unjust distribution of seats corrected, and the country freed from agrarian and clerical domination. At the campaign meetings it is these things that are emphasized by Socialist orators, not "surplus value," "economic determinism" or the "Coöperative Commonwealth." They declare, and with truth, that the Social Democrats are the only party that can be trusted to hold fast to their principles, and not be swayed either by fear or by Court blandishments, which have so often proved successful in influencing the middle-class parties. How to turn to political use this powerful vote-getting organization is a great problem. The Socialists are too strong to remain passive, too weak to act alone and, until now, too doctrinaire to unite with other parties.

For the first time since its organization, the Centre party will not be the most numerous element in the Reichstag. In spite of many attacks by Bismarck and von Bülow, the clericals remained unshaken until this year. Now, for the first time, its outer works have been stormed and captured by the advance guard of the enemy. As we have already seen, it lost ten seats

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and about 145,000 votes to the Socialists. Most significant is the fact that the losses have occurred in the very citadels of German Catholicism, Bavaria and the Rhenish-Westphalian districts. In Bavaria the Centre lost four seats, electing 29 deputies out of a delegation of 48 to the Reichstag. It received 468,452 votes out of 1,267,541, or 38.7 per cent. of the entire Bavarian electorate, showing a loss since 1907 of 6 per cent. The Socialists captured nine seats, a gain of five, and received 328,170 votes or 27.2 per cent. of the whole, a gain of 6.1 per cent. The Liberals and Radicals also made large gains at the expense of the Centre and the Conservatives. The elections to the Bavarian Landtag or local legislature resulted in a greatly reduced clerical majority. Out of 163 members, the Centre elected 87, a loss of 11; the Socialists 30, a gain of 9; Liberals and their allies 39, a gain of 12; Conservatives 7, a loss of 10. This was in spite of an unequal apportionment and an overwhelming Catholic population. During the campaign there was a working agreement between the Socialists, Liberals and Radicals to coöperate whenever possible against the common enemy, the Centre.

Hardly less significant was the overturn in the Rhenish-Westphalian districts. In these industrial communities the workingman, until now, unfailingly supported the clerical party. In the Reichstag elections, Cologne, the capital of German Catholicism, was captured by the Socialists for the first time in forty years. The Socialist candidate was elected over the Centre in the second ballot by a majority of 3,300, in spite of the fact that the Catholic candidate was Dr. Karl Trimborn, a distinguished member of the Reichstag, who was particularly active in promoting social legislation in favor of the working class. The Centre also lost Düsseldorf and two seats in Alsace to the Socialists. This Catholic set-back may have far-reaching results. The Centre is the best-organized and best-disciplined party in Germany and, as a rule, it neither gains nor loses, advancing only with the advance of population. A defection, therefore, means that a permanent breach has been made in the Catholic citadel into which will pour the hosts of Socialism.

Born to defend itself against persecution, the Centre lives to defend the present order against radicalism. As it professes no

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particular political principles, it can consistently combine with any party that is willing to advance Catholic interests. The Kulturkampf over, the clericals quickly realized that their essential interests were the same as those of the monarchy and aristocracy. On their side, the Lutheran Junkers, out of fear of Socialism, welcomed the aid of the Ultramontanes. Both elements profess essentially the same views in matters economic. Though confessional in principle and organization, the Centre is really a peasant party, representing agricultural interests. A *rapprochement* took place between the Catholics and Conservatives, which ended in a firm coalition that governed Germany from 1891, excepting the short time during the break with von Bülow in 1907, over his Colonial policy. The price the Government paid for clerical support of its military and naval budgets, high tariffs and consumption taxes was the admission of the Jesuits into Germany, the establishment of a Catholic faculty in the University of Strasburg and religious instruction in the primary schools. The Centre, even more than the Conservatives, was the object of attack during the recent campaign. The Conservatives were sure to be in power, no matter how few the number of their deputies, but a reduced Centre meant an embarrassed and helpless Conservatism. The rapid industrial development of Germany is working a revolution within the ranks of the Centre itself. Essentially a party of peasants, it was bound to lose strength unless it attracted the laboring classes. The great problem of the Catholic Church in Germany is how to capture the working-man, or how to prevent him from being captured by the Socialists. For that reason, the Centre has been the stout advocate of social legislation, has organized Catholic labor unions and founded coöperative societies. The ideas of Christian Socialism, first advocated by that far-seeing statesman-pontiff Leo XIII, were welcomed by the German Catholics. Nevtheless, the efficient aid rendered by the clericals in securing the defeat of the inheritance taxes, and their willingness to join hands with the hated Junkers in levying unpopular excises, caused the Catholic working-men to turn to the Socialists in the recent election.

The middle-class parties are now at the turning point of

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their history. Without a definite programme or even a definite tendency, timorous adherents of constitutionalism, the Liberals have ever been the ready allies of the Conservatives whenever needed to promote "national" interests, i. e., imperialism. For this reason, the once powerful party of Lasker, Falk and Richter has been constantly losing ground and is now reduced to a paltry 44 seats in the Reichstag. The middle classes, always the stout champions of constitutionalism in every land, out of fear of Socialism, have been willing to tolerate the half-veiled absolutism of the monarchy in Germany. But behind the monarchy was the landed aristocracy, whose economic interests are naturally hostile to those of capitalism,—with the result that the middle classes have been compelled to pay the piper for the tune called by the agrarians.

It is becoming increasingly evident that the bourgeois parties have realized the folly of such a course. Germany is now primarily an industrial, not an agrarian State. The task of the Liberals is, therefore, to displace the landed aristocracy from the position of being the governing element in the Empire. The Junkers out of the way, the Liberals hope to fall heir to the conservative sentiment of the country. To oust the aristocracy means the introduction of political reform in Germany. But, as history has shown, this cannot be accomplished except through an alliance of the middle and working classes. Many far-sighted Liberals are shrewd enough to realize that a democratized Germany would, in the long run, redound to their benefit and not to the Socialists'. It would withdraw from the Socialist columns the large number of those who vote "red" in protest; and where would those votes go if not to the Liberals? The idea of a "Grossblok," or an all-Left combination "from Bassermann to Bebel" to oppose the Conservatives, is gaining force daily in German politics. It first took practical shape in 1906 in Baden, where the Social Democrats and Liberals joined forces and elected a majority to the local Diet. Uncompromising Socialists were greatly scandalized when the Baden members of the party actually voted for the budget. This was tantamount to a recognition of the "bourgeois State" so heartily execrated by all "true believers" in the gospel according to Marx.

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During the Reichstag election, the friendliness between Liberals, Radicals and Socialists was too marked to escape notice. At the second ballotings there was a perfect understanding between these parties to vote for each other whenever possible. Ernest Bassermann himself was elected with the help of Socialist votes. The *Vossische Zeitung,* spokesman for large industrial interests, said that there was greater danger from the Conservatives and Centre than from the Socialists, and advised Liberals and Radicals to vote for Social Democrats at the second ballotings. The Socialist organ, the *Vorwärts,* advised coöperation with the bourgeois parties for the reason that, in spite of fundamental differences, the Liberals stood for a new era of political freedom and social well-being. Commenting on the election, the same paper declared that the Socialists had "supported the Liberals with all their power. We did it, not because we have any illusions about them. . . . We wished to give them a chance to make good their promises. It is now up to them. The Socialists, inside and outside of the Reichstag, will insistently demand the democratization of Germany, the betterment of conditions for the working class and the reform of taxation. We know that we can expect no help from the Liberals in our campaign against Imperialism, Protection or Colonial adventure. But the Liberals have stood for political freedom and social betterment. We shall hold them to their word."

Should the "Grossblok" idea take firm root, the huge Socialist party, so long condemned to political sterility, would become a powerful factor in reforming the government of Germany. For a time it was even a political advantage for the Social Democrats to hold fast to their doctrines and "protest." Many voted for them with perfect equanimity, knowing that they probably would not gain a majority; and, if by chance they did, the Government would find some way of circumventing them. Their very impotency attracted support. But new conditions bring new tactics even among German Socialists. They are, moreover, too sincerely devoted to political freedom to decide on a policy of obstructing reforms, long awaited and now at hand. The movement within the Socialist ranks, known as Revisionism, which aims to commit the party to progressive re-

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form instead of to revolutionary dogmas, is sure to gain impetus from the recent election. The Social Democrats must accept Revision in practice. Whether they do so in theory or not may be safely left to the party metaphysicians to explain. A move to the Right is demanded by the Liberals as the price of coöperation. In their turn the latter are ready to move toward the Left to meet the Socialists half-way. From the recent election, there will probably emerge a new Social Democracy, a party chastened by victory, willing to listen to the Time Spirit and content to hold its larger programme in abeyance in order to aid in the work of political reform.

Among the many crying political evils in Germany, one of the most intolerable is the unjust distribution of seats. Something very close to a rotten borough system now exists in the Fatherland. The last apportionment was made in 1869, when one deputy was assigned to every 100,000 inhabitants. Since then, the population has increased from forty to sixty-five millions, and it has shifted from the country to the city, because of the rapid industrial development that has taken place in the Empire. These changes have made enormous differences in the number of people to each district, but the distribution of seats has continued to remain the same. There exist "giant" constituencies like Tetlow Charlottenburg with a population of 1,282,000 and "dwarf" constituencies like Schaumburg-Lippe, containing only 46,650 people, but each place sends one deputy to the Reichstag. In rural East Prussia 2,064,175 inhabitants send seventeen representatives, while Berlin's 2,071,557 send only six. It takes twice as many votes to elect one deputy in Berlin as it does to elect twelve in some parts of rural Germany. There exists the anomalous condition of a country that is economically, industrial, and politically, agrarian. Naturally the Conservatives, who come mainly from the country districts, are strongly opposed to a re-apportionment. Under the present unfair division, the parties of the Right received four and a half million votes and elected 197 members and the parties of the Left received seven and a half million votes and elected 202 members, a majority of only five seats. Well might the Conservatives say, "Give us the seats and we care not which party

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gets the votes!" Writers on the American constitution have singularly failed to praise sufficiently the census provision, which requires a re-apportionment every ten years on the basis of population. In no country of Europe is representation as fair as in our own, in spite of occasional gerrymandering. Two of the most influential newspapers of Germany, the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and the *Berliner Tageblatt,* are at present conducting a campaign for a re-distribution of seats. The plan, favored by these journals, is to divide the 14,400,000 electors by 397, the present membership of the Reichstag, which will give 36,000; increase this figure by one-third of itself, and we get 48,000, which should be the legal unit of representation. The 74 districts that now have more than this should be re-divided and increased to 161, and the 33 that have less should be decreased to 24. This change would make the number of deputies in the Reichstag 475, which is not too large, as the English Parliament contains 670 members, the French Chamber of Deputies, 584, and the Austrian Reichsrath, 516. Under this change, Berlin would send fourteen instead of six to the Reichstag, Cologne, six instead of one, and Tetlow-Charlottenburg, nine instead of one. It is also urged that a new division of the Empire should include proportional representation, which is a growing idea in Europe at the present time.

The attitude of the landed aristocracy toward the great question of democracy in government is typical of their class at all times and in all places, being one of uncompromising hostility. Able, honest and progressive in a paternal sense, they are yet stubbornly opposed to placing the direction of the State in popular hands. Democracy, a platitude the world over, is still suspect in Germany. This was well expressed by Baron von Oldenburg, an influential Conservative leader, when he declared that the tradition in Germany was such that the Kaiser could, at any time, say to a lieutenant: "Take ten men and clear out the Reichstag." If the abnormal growth of Socialism means anything, it means that the chasm between the Government and people is constantly becoming wider and deeper. The Conservatives regard the Socialists as a dangerous nuisance, and the remedy they propose is simple: "Suppress them!" Their funds

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should be confiscated, their leaders jailed, their meetings prohibited and their newspapers suppressed. As one Conservative, named Kroecher, put it, "Social Democrats should be solely the object, not the subject, of legislation." The *Kreuzzeitung,* an agrarian organ, more moderately desires that the system of universal suffrage for the Empire should be changed, on the ground that Germans are not ripe enough politically to use it with discretion. But such Bismarckian methods are not likely to be adopted against a party polling over one-third of the entire electorate. The radical *Berliner Tageblatt,* in reviewing the recent election, was moved to say that in all lands the governing parties become democratized, but in Germany, the Bureaucracy have no other cry against the Socialists than "Put them down!" This was a war against the symptoms and not against the disease, and the result is that only in Germany is Socialism so strong and so dogmatic. The feeling on the part of the Junkers that an aggressive stand on the Morocco question by the German Government would have resulted in a Conservative triumph at the polls was voiced by the *Post.* It complained that the powers of revolution were growing steadily and yet the Kaiser did not speak the *word.* His ambition to be known in history as a lover of peace is responsible for the present sad state of Germany. The Kaiser alone can save her by inspiring the Fatherland to new deeds of valor. The *Deutsche Tageszeitung,* another Conservative journal, bitterly denounced Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg because he had opposed the chauvinist Herr von Heydebrand in the Morocco affair. In other words, the Conservatives would willingly bring on a war, in the hope that the cry of patriotism would give a set-back to Socialism. A truly Russian method of checking the growth of democracy!

The ablest champion of Conservatism in the press is Professor Hans Delbrück, whose views differ widely from those of his party colleagues. Commenting on the recent election in the February issue of the *Preussische Jahrbücher,* he writes that "in a parliamentary State, such a change of votes would have meant the resignation of the Government. There is no question of such a thing happening in Germany, where many parties exist, none

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of them ever strong enough to conduct the administration. At the same time those in control of the State should be in sympathy with the new political situation. If the Conservatives, instead of helping things along, put themselves in opposition, they will compel the Government to look to the Left for support . . . . By their attitude toward tax reform and the indefensible Prussian franchise, the Conservatives have sinned greatly and they should pay the penalty. A concession that would go a great way to conciliate public opinion would be the reform of the Prussian three-class franchise and the reapportionment of the Empire." The attitude of Professor Delbrück is significant, as he is known to be in the confidence of those in authority.

It is quite possible that the agrarians themselves may bring about parliamentary responsibility in order to protect their own interests. It was the Conservative-Centre "Blok" that passed the resolution chiding the Kaiser for his indiscreet interview with the London *Telegraph,* and declaring that, in future, he should speak only through the Chancellor on foreign affairs. It was the same "Blok" that forced the resignation of von Bülow because they defeated his inheritance tax bill. Again, recently, as a result of Germany's backdown in the Morocco dispute, a resolution was passed by the same parties to the effect, that henceforth, all treaties concerning colonial affairs should receive the assent of the Reichstag as well as of the Bundesrat. In all likelihood, the present Chancellor, Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg, will reintroduce the inheritance tax bill, which is bitterly opposed by the Conservatives and Centre. Its defeat may lead to his resignation, and incidentally to a second important precedent for ministerial responsibility.

Upon Kaiser Wilhelm, more than upon anyone else, depends whether Germany is to continue her peaceful evolution toward parliamentary government or whether she is to be driven into a political *cul-de-sac.* The German people have arrived at their political maturity. That is the plain lesson of the great overturn in the recent election. The Kaiser, for all his Romanticism, is a shrewd, practical man, thoroughly alive to the new current of things in Germany. To be estranged permanently from their

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subjects is not a Hohenzollern tradition. It was an ancestor of the present Kaiser, Frederick William III, who, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, voluntarily introduced the principles of the French Revolution, and so transformed feudal Prussia into a modern State. Will his descendant transform Germany into a parliamentary State? Only time will tell.

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THE DANCING SEAL

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON

WHEN we were building Skua Light—
The first men who had lived a night
Upon that deep-sea isle—
As soon as chisel touched the stone,
The friendly seals would come ashore;
And sit and watch us all the while,
As though they'd not seen men before;
And so, poor beasts, had never known
Men had the heart to do them harm.
They'd little cause to feel alarm
With us, for we were glad to find
Some friendliness in that strange sea;
Only too pleased to let them be,
And sit as long as they'd a mind
To watch us: for their eyes were kind
Like women's eyes, it seemed to me.

So, hour on hour, they sat: I think
They liked to hear the chisels' clink:
And when the boy sang loud and clear,
They scrambled closer in to hear;
And if he whistled sweet and shrill,
The queer beasts shuffled nearer still:
And every sleek and sheeny skin
Was mad to hear his violin.

When, work all over for the day,
He'd take his fiddle down and play
His merry tunes beside the sea,
Their eyes grew brighter and more bright,
And burned and twinkled merrily:
And as I watched them one still night,
And saw those eager sparkling eyes,
I felt those lively seals would rise

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Some shiny night ere he could know,
And dance about him, heel and toe,
Unto the fiddle's heady tune.

And at the rising of the moon,
Half-daft, I took my stand before
A young seal lying on the shore,
And called on her to dance with me.
And it seemed hardly strange when she
Stood up before me suddenly,
And shed her black and sheeny skin;
And smiled, all eager to begin . . .
And I was dancing, heel and toe,
With a young maiden, white as snow,
Unto a crazy violin.

We danced beneath the dancing moon
All night beside the dancing sea,
With tripping toes and skipping heels:
And, all about us, friendly seals
Like Christian folk were dancing reels
Unto the fiddle's endless tune
That kept on spinning merrily
As though it never meant to stop.
And never once the snow-white maid
A moment stayed
To take a breath,
Though I was fit to drop:
And while those wild eyes challenged me,
I knew as well as well could be
I must keep step with that young girl,
Though we should dance to death.

Then with a skirl
The fiddle broke:
The moon went out:
The sea stopped dead:
And, in a twinkling, all the rout

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Of dancing folk had fled . . .
And in the chill bleak dawn I woke
Upon the naked rock, alone.

They've brought me far from Skua Isle . . .
I laugh to think they do not know
That as, all day, I chip the stone,
Among my fellows here inland,
I smell the sea-wrack on the shore . . .
And see her snowy-tossing hand,
And meet again her merry smile . . .
And dream I'm dancing all the while,
I'm dancing ever, heel and toe,
With a seal-maiden, white as snow,
On that moonshiny Island-strand,
For ever and for evermore.

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THE SCHOOL AND THE FEMININE IDEAL *

ANNA GARLIN SPENCER

II

MORE and more, as we are working out a consistent theory of education in general for boys and girls and for youth of both sexes, a sure instinct is enriching the curriculum of colleges and universities in which women are students by the insertion of courses which are intended to fit them both for the position of woman-head of a family of social leadership, and for those professional careers which lie nearest the home life. Books are being compiled to show how educated women may fit themselves for other employments than teaching, and the courses in household science and economy are now made to cover a wide range of vocational training for many important professions. Perhaps the most important sign of the times in this direction is the recent action of the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ commending this enlargement of the college curriculum.

In regard both to the vocational training of girls which must follow immediately upon graduation from the elementary school, and that which can be obtained through the high school and college, certain main points of guidance may be noted. If women as a sex are generally to be confronted with a vocational divide at marriage, then it stands to reason and common sense that they will choose, and their parents for them (where no special talent is indicated), such training as will serve best for both personal self-support and family usefulness: that is to say, the trades needing shortest preparation for wage-earning, and the professions most nearly allied to general culture, will be the most popular in the educational choices for girls. This is understood in the case of the girl who must begin wage-earning early in so far as it relates to preparation for factory and shop work in the occupations nearest in locality to her home and demanding least time for acquiring technique.

We have not yet reached the point where any well-considered

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plan is being wrought out in school experimentation for the training of *girls for specialties of wage-earning in activities required by the home-life itself.* If the domestic help problem is to be solved we must solve it along the lines so well and thoroughly outlined by Professor Salmon in her valuable studies; that is to say, we must put the help within the family on as democratic a plane as service outside the family, and adopt, as far as the exigencies of family life demand, the "hour-system" and the "out-living" instead of the "in-living" of domestic helpers. If we are to get for domestic service the same type of girl who now enters the shop or factory, the counting-room or office, we must make the conditions equally attractive to the self-respecting girl who has had some education in the public school. The belief that any system on such a basis can regulate the family life as the factory and shop may be regulated has been already disclaimed. The woman-head of the family must be able and willing, in the overwhelming majority of cases, not only to organize, but personally to do whatever work is necessary for the well-being of her family. No woman-head of a family of average means and condition can utilize an hour system or any form of domestic service which can be adjusted to the demands of educated and self-respecting helpers, unless herself both competent and ready to serve in similar ways. The tendency of the world of organized industry is to lessen the amount and variety of household work by the outside preparation of foods, the mechanical inventions for cleaning, etc., and the easy access to supplies of all sorts. The burden of the house-mother who does not and will not shirk her main responsibility is thus much eased. The need for some assistance and in many cases for much assistance to the house-mother during the years when her children are young still remains and grows to a condition of acute suffering and mal-adjustment in country districts and in manufacturing towns in which "hired help" is beyond the reach of most women in the years of married life when they need it most. We have accepted too supinely the alternative of no help or help all the time. We have neglected to consider the middle course of partial help from younger girls which might be made both efficient and suitable for the worker, if we but added to our trade-teach-

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ing some specialties of child-care, house-care and sick-care, such as a healthy girl of sixteen to eighteen years could well do if only she knew how. For the average house-mother of small means but good intelligence and willingness to serve her family at first hand, two to four hours a day of competent help from those whose breeding made them fit companions for her children would be a greater assistance than a longer period from those whom she had to watch and direct at every moment. When the managers of modern trade schools for girls have been asked why they did not fit for family service, they have usually had in mind in their answers the ordinary "going out to service" which is the inherited form of domestic helping. What we need now is an extension of the general tendency toward home-usefulness which may be given in the elementary school along lines that are sufficiently differentiated for technical training, and which would fit the girl of fourteen to sixteen to do some one thing needed by the household well, and for pay, on terms as carefully outlined as those which underlie employment in the shop and factory. This extension of trade teaching, when tried in even the smallest experiment by Young Women's Christian Associations and like volunteer efforts in the educational field, has shown that it is not the work in the home that drives the "best girls" from it, but the lack of democratic organization of household labor and the lack of business management of the ordinary household. When we get along a little further, we shall see better how to add to the training for specialties of self-support in the shop and factory and counting-room such specialties of household aid as are most susceptible of this organization and business management. Then it will be quickly perceived how many girls, and their parents as well, choose these instead of specialties more remote from the home life.

Mrs. Richards, whose inestimable service to the women of the United States makes her recent death a public calamity, once said that "the old family life took the dining and sitting room into the kitchen; the new family life would take the kitchen into the dining room and the sitting room." It was a fine way of stating a fact, more and more apparent, that mechanical inven-

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tion and modern industry are so refining and easing the processes of household labor that the woman-head of the household can more and more dispense with kitchen paraphernalia of the inherited sort and do her work in the daintiest surroundings. When she can and does so manage her own supreme share of the household demand, she can begin to utilize to its utmost efficiency the hour help of the well-bred and educated woman and girl who will then be ready and more than willing to aid her. This, of course, does not apply and will not for a long time, if ever, to the rich family of many servants, or to the needs of those women who should be emancipated from even the usual burdens of the home life by reason of special talent and social usefulness which make it well worth while that society should release them from the general for the sake of the special usefulness. This series of papers is dealing with the average condition and the average need, not with the exceptions either of circumstance or of individual genius. The fundamental need in the reorganization of this average household, which is so inevitable and will lead to such better things in family life, is to democratize the home in all its relationships. The extension of the trade-teaching of girls along the lines indicated will prove a great help in hastening that reorganization. The extension of the college curriculum along the lines of domestic economy and the preparation for professional work in lines near the home life will be the great leading influence toward that extension of the trade-teaching of girls and the better organization of domestic labor. Already a pronounced and healthy guidance along this line is shown by college graduates and other cultured women of democratic tendencies and of high social ideals.

To this end, as well as to the ends of social progress in every direction, one study has contributed more than any other; and that a new study, and one especially capable of forming the more philosophic element in the preparation for life work given by the new courses for women in high school, college and university. Reference is here made, of course, to the new science of sociology. Sociology is so new that it is still in its callow youth and denied the honors of the older and more definitely outlined disciplines of the mind. Its very title of "science" is contested by

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many educational leaders. Yet at least sociology is a daring and masterful combination of accepted sciences; of biology, ethnology, psychology, history, economics and politics. As such it is offering its new explanation of many ancient riddles of life and its still newer gospel of social control in the interest of a purposive human progress. It not only boldly shows "why we are so," but why and how we should become something different, in social relationship. In its forms of theory it has proved most congenial to the feminine truth-seeker, and in its forms of practical suggestion still more the very bread of intellectual life to women desirous of doing their duty. Abstract philosophy has never been close to the feminine genius; that is why philosophers have been so prone to believe in the hopeless inferiority of women! For a human being to sit down and evolve a theory which he called "universal" and "ultimate" has always affected the sense of humor in women. It has seemed to brilliant and clever women a bit absurd for the finite to be so sure about infinite truth. Also the incurable practicality of women, which has often enough made them poor helpmeets for the idealism of men, has made them query "what's the use" when the philosopher painfully evolved some "camel" of theory from his inner consciousness, and never thought to test at first hand the real things of daily living. This has been at once an advantage and a disadvantage to woman: an advantage in keeping her mental tendency close to facts and useful work; and a disadvantage in depriving her of some of the delights of mental aviation. The new ways which sociology has inaugurated of making explanatory notes of the universe, the new ways of dealing with the age-long riddles of the existence of evil and the way of escape from it, which sociology offers, the new ways of going directly to the facts of environment for the reasons for social ills, and the still newer ways of demanding radical changes in environment for the benefit of the social whole, exactly suit the feminine mind, and are in direct line with the special sex-development of women. Naturally the new sociology is furnishing, along with other fresh explanations of life, the most complete solution of the old puzzle, What are women and what are they for? which any science or philosophy or guess of the human mind has yet offered.

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Naturally, also, although the fact is not yet clearly perceived in full significance, we find that those colleges and universities which develop "courses suited to the special needs of women" also offer the most advanced and varied courses in social economics. In many of these the attempt to suit educational opportunity to the new feminine ideal has definitely linked itself to the attempt to incorporate the new social philosophy and the new tendency to social service into the new education. This is true not only in the colleges and universities, but also in the secondary schools, where it is already a pressing question,—What elements of sociology may properly and usefully be taught in the high school, and where shall we insert them? In this connection let us note that training in household economics and home-making is now given in at least four kinds of educational institutions of grade above the elementary school, namely:

I. As a department of high school instruction; often the extension of a course in manual training in the grades below, and in any case conceived and treated for the most part as general preparation for life, but having an increasingly distinct bearing upon vocational choice and business training.

II. As a department of normal schools; chiefly as a means of preparing manual training teachers for the grade schools, the courses being technical and practical and attempting to deal only with such processes as children can understand and practise.

III. As a department in colleges and universities attended by women and with the double purposes, seldom differentiated in the consciousness of the teaching body itself: one to fit undergraduates for the home, and the other to aid toward vocational usefulness and success. As has been shown, increase in these courses is called for by three classes, those that demand enlargement of the inherited curriculum of men's higher education for purposes of general feminine culture; those that desire a more varied training of women for self-support in professional fields; and those who see the need for better training of women for philanthropic service.

IV. As a specialty in a separate technical school, like Pratt Institute, for example; or as a distinctly defined technical department in a university, like the School of Industrial Arts of Teach-

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ers College, Columbia University; or like similar departments in many of the State universities; or as a special department in a post-graduate training school like that of Stout Institute in Wisconsin. The purpose of such schools and departments is distinctly to give high-grade preparation for professional work in teaching, in philanthropy, in social leadership, along all lines of child-care, sanitary housing, preparation of nourishing food on a large scale or teaching how it should be prepared, more healthful and artistic dress, and the instruction of the poor and ignorant. If these technical schools help to standardize the private home, and they surely do, it is mainly by and through the professional leadership they train and help to secure in paid positions, rather than by the individual teaching of the housemother.

In the technical schools of household science, however, we have a sharp division of pedagogic need and direction; for in some of these schools we find large classes of very young girls, many of them not having received any high school instruction, who are seeking trade-teaching in dressmaking, millinery or similar kinds of work; or else those just learning how to help at home in a small family of restricted means. The teaching body of such schools need to be masters of that triangle of knowledge required for vocational guidance of young girls going into manual labor; namely, general information concerning work-opportunities for girls in the locality, special knowledge of the capacities of their students, and some idea of the social condition of the families from which they come. All this requires some measure of applied sociology in the teachers as that is sharpened to economic conditions and possibilities; but does not constitute, of course, any part of the study of the girls themselves.

On the other hand, those technical schools and college departments of household science that minister to the needs of more mature students, of women who are in training for higher-paid and more responsible positions,—professional, commercial, mechanical, philanthropic,—should offer to their students thorough courses in sociology. Theory of social development, history of institutions, social psychology, social ethics, and social uplift lead toward intelligent mastery of social problems and are a

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guide to practical service. If such a high-grade technical school is attached to a university it can now easily secure the needed instruction along these lines; if it is an independent school it must provide its own instructors in the science of human development and the art of conscious and purposive human progress. Psychology, personal and social; physical development on a well-defined biologic foundation; the history and meaning of social institutions; the social aspects of education as a "process in the spiritual evolution of the race";—these are essential studies for all men and women. The evolution of the family and its vital place in the socialization of the individual; the racial, political and economic factors in civilization; the control and abolition of social ills, such as crime, vice, disease, poverty; the community ideal in general, and in particular as related to one's own locality; the essential next steps in social progress and how to attain them; these are vital necessities of study, especially for women of light and leading, whether in vocational positions or at the head of private homes of social influence. It seems clear that educational institutions and departments of colleges dealing with the mechanism and the economics of the home life might well lead in emphasizing these social values of the home life and of the society of which the home is the centre. It should be added, and pressed home to the consciousness of men at the head of institutions in which sociology is made a strong study and in which many women take its courses whether or not in connection with household science and art, that the ethical content of applied sociology must be clearly and inspiringly presented, if these courses are to make to the women students the strongest and most effective appeal. Not only is it true that the genius of women is practical, and the organic function of women is teaching, but the drill in motherhood's devotion to family life has given women an unconquerable tendency toward personalization. This may be overborne temporarily, or seemingly submerged under the sweep of influences that are pushing us toward impersonal environmental changes; but after women are accustomed to equal opportunities in education and in work they will right the balance again; and now they need always the appeal to the individual conscience and the claim of the individual need

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upon the social organism to make sociology vital to them. The law of human development must be translated for ardent and sensitive youth of both sexes in terms of social service and social uplift if it is to move the inner sources of mental and moral power. In the case of the average young woman it must also be translated in terms of personal care and help for the exposed and abused child, for the neglected aged, for the oppressed weak, for the defective and incompetent needing protection, for the heroic struggler on the labor field defeated for want of social justice. This translation of applied sociology in terms of enlightened philanthropy and moral reform is what the average young woman needs, and many young men would profit by, as well.

The normal schools are the weak point in our educational system, and here we come upon a waste place which the right kind of sociological study might make to blossom as the rose. The social aspects of education, the relation of the modern school to the family, the State, the industrial and the social order,—this is a study which would vitalize the present preparation of teachers for the elementary school. The fact that the common school in the United States is the real "melting pot of nations," and that the school is in closest touch of any of our social institutions, with the bewildering variety of ethical ideals emphasized by the home and church influence, makes the school the one place in which a possible minimum of ethical agreement to guide the common social life might be developed. The greatest of social needs in our country is some common denominator in personal and social morality which can bring the community together in one common aim in matters most imperative as to individual conduct and as to social well-being. Herbart declares our chief need in education to be "character training, based on an irrefragable foundation of morality." Where shall be found that irrefragable foundation, one which can be accepted as such by all religionists and all non-religionists, save in the testimony of human experience deduced by searching and fearless inquiry into the social results of motives and of acts as these are interpreted by the trained reason? Only an irrefragable foundation of morality of this sort can develop a national mo-

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rality, united and strong enough to control vagrant and unsocial impulse, to dominate education and to give method to social action. If it is true that we need this minimum of commonly accepted ethical standard, and must depend for it chiefly upon the school as that affects character from the kindergarten to the college, then we must grow teachers of the elementary schools (in which alone the vast majority of children get their school influence) capable of the high exercise of mind this inquiry into the verdict of the nature of things and the course of human development demands. How can we do this unless we have not only courses in sociology, pure and applied, in the normal schools, but also an atmosphere of valiant truth-seeking and scientific veracity equal to that which any college or university can boast? This is a matter near to the feminine ideal and its representation in the school, from the fact that the overwhelming majority of teachers of the elementary schools are women.

No problem in public education pleads more eloquently for solution, however, than that of the social and moral instruction of the high school. Since but a small fraction of young people go to college, and since attendance at day and evening high schools is becoming an increasing custom among children even of the poor and since the reaction of the school upon the home often reaches its strategic point when the boy and the girl at the period of growth in which their sense of personal choice becomes keen take from the high school to the home the standards they have gained from the teacher, this question is of deepest importance. The college man or woman, moreover, if profiting by the opportunity given to gain command over culture-tools, can easily make good deficiencies in the college course as these are revealed by ripened experience; while the boy or girl who learns so little of so many things in high school is likely to fail in knowledge of ways of supplementing school instruction.

If then sociology, or a knowledge of the laws of human society, needs to become a part of high school training, how may it be accomplished? Not surely by text-book instruction in pure sociology! To see youth struggling under abstract statements of social laws and conditions, or confused by much descriptive treatment of the remote and strange in human existence, is a

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sorry sight. Civics and philanthropy, however, based upon right understanding of group relationship and political and social structure, the social institutions, especially the family and the school, and the State which gives us our sense of human solidarity,—these are vital and inspiring to youth. Vocational ethics in choice and standards of work, including such study of economic history and its social interrelations as may throw light on personal problems, or lead to large views of human industry and achievement, these are vital themes for the young. The sociological basis for self-culture, mental, physical, moral, the cosmic reasons for making the most and best of oneself as a part of the social whole, all that constitutes what Dr. Ward calls the " ethics of applied sociology," this is a much needed appeal for modern youth. The young question all things with an imperious, What have you for me? It seems clear then that in a time when ethics is becoming socialized, certain universal standards of choice and of action in the conduct of life must be gained by them, if at all, along broad lines of social necessity. Hence if sociology has any moral guidance in an hour of radical change of thought and of life, by all means saturate the teaching influence with it in order that the young may profit by the new way of outlining human duty. And still more, if sociology has any special guidance for womanhood in an hour of profound change in outward circumstance, any fresh sanctions for established codes of morals in marriage, any new readings of social responsibility for the home in a time when the old admonitions and restraints fail to command, in the name of social health and social progress send all the women and girls to school to the new science! And if they will take it more eagerly, as seems to be the case, when mixed with special ingredients called " household economics " or " domestic art," by all means let us make the combination.

Perhaps of all the new educational opportunities open to women the establishment of training schools for social service, schools for fitting men and women for ameliorative and constructive work in philanthropy and civics, has proved the most satisfying and helpful. Women have been accustomed throughout all the past to bearing in a peculiar degree the social burden

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of the weak, the undeveloped, the incompetent and the infirm. These new schools show them how to help bear these burdens, not only in ways more humane for the individual, but also more wise for the social whole. There are men in these schools of civics and philanthropy, it is true; a few, gained by dint of much earnest work on the part of the directors; but the overwhelming majority of students are women, and doubtless the disproportion will be slightly, if any, decreased in the days to come. Some specialties of legal and political aspects of the social movement, some leadership of the labor struggle, some few large administrative offices, some institutional superintendencies, will call for and will hold men; but the great task of taking care of the socially backward, and the ever-changing but never-ending ministration to individuals which every form of social helpfulness yet devised has included within its programme, will in the future, as in the past and in the present, send ten women to every one man as students to these schools. The sort of instruction given in these new technical schools is precisely along the lines of the socialization of the family life and of the feminine ideal for which the times most loudly call. Hence their significance is not alone for the social movement as a whole, but also for the specific development of women in the larger and more complete citizenship to which they are called.

Back of all these changes and developments of the educational ideal and practice as applied to women lies the stupendous fact that humanity, at least in its centres of enlightenment, has come to realize the worth and value of human nature as a whole. Not yet is it clearly seen that women, as women, have still to make a distinctive contribution to the human commonwealth on the intellectual as well as on the moral side; but it is already becoming apparent that those human qualities which men and women have in common should not be wasted, ignored or misused because embodied in a woman's form. The ways in which the school must be modified, now that all boys, instead of a few selected boys, attend it, take long to tell and longer to work out. The changes in the school which will follow the further admission of all girls, with all boys, require profound study and detailed description. But the master fact that has opened the

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door of kindergarten, primary school, high school and college to girls and women can be told in a sentence: Humanity has at last conferred on women the franchise of the mind. Henceforth not the "affection of good" alone is the ideal of womanly excellence; the "understanding of truth" is also her high privilege and her conscious duty.

"He for God only, she for God in him," can no longer represent the relationship of man and woman to each other and to the universe. As at the beginning of the Christian era came a call to women to own and save their own souls, not as members of a particular family, but as individuals, who must singly and alone "appear at the judgment seat"; so at the beginning of the twentieth century women are called upon to "make up their own minds" on all the vast and terrible issues of life, and to see to it that they have the mental equipment necessary to that difficult process. For this end the school has at last opened its doors to women,—in order that every atom of the social whole shall feel the currents of the mind, as well as the pulses of the heart, of creation, moving them all alike in response to "whatsoever forces draw the ages on."

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OUR RHODES SCHOLARS

EDMOND EARL LINCOLN

AMERICA has always been noted for her ardent devotion to the cause of education. No amount of money can be too great to spend in the training of our youth: the coming generation *must* know more than their ancestors. Hence Rockefeller has invested millions in the making of perhaps the best equipped university in the world. Carnegie has built libraries and endowed colleges without number, and, in addition, has given a large part of his huge fortune to the Peace Movement. Yet it has remained for a cool-blooded Englishman, a South African diamond king, to conceive a plan whereby, through education, universal peace may be secured.

Though Cecil Rhodes was the originator of one of the most comprehensive and far-reaching schemes of modern times, people in general know comparatively little about the scholarships which he founded at Oxford. Some, whose knowledge is of the vaguest and whose actual interest in the matter is slight, have, doubtless inadvertently, created an unfavorable impression relative to the wisdom and expediency of his plan, while others have even denounced and ridiculed the entire idea. Fortunately for the future of the various countries concerned, these criticisms have been largely the result of ignorance and not of mature reflection on the subject. Perhaps the real truth can best be made known by correcting a few of the prevailing misapprehensions regarding Rhodes Scholars and Rhodes Scholarships. Among the objections most commonly raised in our country against this great scheme are the following:

1. The American Rhodes Scholars do not adapt themselves as easily as others to the Oxford customs.
2. Proper care is not exercised in the selection of the students sent over.
3. Our representatives are deficient in athletic ability, or, on the other hand, they devote too much attention to athletics and too little to study.

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4. Intellectually, they are often inferior to the English students, and hence fail to command respect.
5. On account of the inferior type of men sent over, the more exclusive Oxford colleges are to be closed to us in the future.
6. There is an "American clique" at Oxford, which has prevented the formation, between English and American students, of those friendships so essential to the success of Mr. Rhodes' plan.
7. So far, the results of these scholarships, both from a literary and a political point of view, have not been such as to justify the enormous expenditure of money, time, and thought.
8. Even if Mr. Rhodes' scheme is praiseworthy, Oxford is not the best place to which to send our students.
9. And, finally, there is a grave danger that, during three years' residence abroad at so impressionable an age, these scholars will become "Anglicized" or "Europeanized," exchanging the lofty ideals of our Republic for the effete "culture" of the Continent.

While there is, of course, a certain amount of truth in some of these assertions, it is fairly evident that they are not the result of serious thought. Nor do they show a sufficient appreciation of Mr. Rhodes' fundamental purpose in providing for these, the greatest scholarships in the world. As the writer is a graduate of one of the leading American universities, at present a college professor, and has had the benefit of three years' residence at Oxford, representing one of our most populous States, he is in a position to see and know many things regarding this question which are, as a matter of course, hidden from the outsider. Let us consider in detail the several charges that have been brought against the Rhodes provision as it affects America.

It is not strange that the holders of Rhodes Scholarships from other countries may be able to adapt themselves more easily than we to the Oxford requirements. This is accounted for by the fact that, in the case of all except the Germans, they do homage to a common flag. England is their sovereign and the source of all their educational inspiration. Their colleges are patterned after the great English schools, while a large number

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of their teachers have been trained in the English universities. Most of the educated colonials are still in very close touch with the mother country, and many of them feel as if they were coming back home when they reach Oxford. The American scholars, on the other hand, are not only accustomed to an entirely different system, but also have a great many long-standing prejudices to contend against. Yet no people under the sun are so adaptable as ourselves. The representatives from this country very soon fit as gracefully as could be wished into the "Oxford system"—a fact which will become increasingly plain.

Since, then, practically all of our students have proved eminently able to adjust themselves to this new life, is it reasonable to doubt that they have been carefully chosen? For the benefit of those who do not know the rules governing the selection of candidates, as outlined in Mr. Rhodes' will, the most important are here summarized:

"My desire being that students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms, I direct that, in the election of a student, regard shall be had to (I) his literary and scholastic attainments, (II) his fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports, (III) his qualities of manhood, truth, courage, devotion to duty, sympathy for and protection of the weak, kindliness, unselfishness, and fellowship, and (IV) his exhibition during school days of moral force of character, and of instincts to lead and to take an interest in his schoolmates; for these latter attributes will be likely in after life to guide him to esteem the performance of public duty as his highest aim. . . . My ideally qualified student would combine these four qualifications in the proportion of three-tenths for the first, two-tenths for the second, three-tenths for the third, and two-tenths for the fourth qualification." Again, "No student shall be qualified or disqualified for election to a scholarship on account of his race or religious opinions." And, finally, "The candidate must have completed at least two years of regular college work, and must be between the ages of 19 and 25."

There is, in each State, a Committee of Selection, usually five in number, composed of leading educators from the various institutions of learning. Of course, there is always a *possibility*

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that the most worthy candidate may not be chosen, but under the present arrangements that possibility is certainly reduced to a minimum. While a man who is not a fair representative of his country *may* occasionally secure the scholarship, yet the average is very high, both mentally and physically. For bodily stamina, for good fellowship, adaptability, love of history, literature, and art, interest in political and social problems, general breadth of view, and all-round keenness of intellect, it would be hard indeed to surpass the average Rhodes Scholar.

Even granting that the men sent over are wide awake mentally, there are certain ones who contend that many of them are so far from being athletes that they do not even take any interest in the English sports. Some one has said: "Skill on the baseball ground or prowess on the football team does not constitute an all-round athlete, according to the British standard,"—as if the Americans were deficient in athletic ability. This is decidedly *not* the case. As a matter of course, skill at baseball means nothing to the English, because they do not play that game. But it is a great mistake to suppose that one must be an adept in many different branches of athletics before he can "make a hit" at Oxford. Though most English students are moderately good at several games, the Rhodes Scholar who is genuinely interested in *one* never fails to "make good." To represent the university in athletics is considered a high honor, and there is the keenest competition; yet, each year more than ten per cent. of our scholars get their "'Varsity blue," in football, tennis and track. The number participating in college athletics is legion. In some colleges nearly every American will win his colors, while, during the races, one can frequently see "eights," half of whose number is composed of American Rhodes Scholars. Aside from all these things, the students from this country are far above the average in physique. The lot who came over in 1910 averaged almost six feet in height—truly a race of giants. When one remembers that, according to Mr. Rhodes' will, fondness for and success in manly outdoor sports are to count only twenty per cent. in a man's selection, the above facts are certainly remarkable. Oxford has never had anything to say against our athletic ability.

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"Well," says another critic, "if this is true, does it not naturally follow that the intellectual life is often neglected for the sake of these physical achievements?" No. Of course we are not all young Sidises; yet it is futile to compare the English and American intellect, or to say that the Rhodes Scholar must be far superior to his British cousin in his mental attainments, in order to command respect. The types of mind are totally different, and it is well that they should be. Though it is true that the English scholar often has a deeper knowledge of his subject than the American, he is at the same time much more narrow. For versatility and wealth of general knowledge our own students cannot be excelled; their educational interests are far broader than those of their cousins across the water—facts which the latter recognize, and to a certain extent admire. Then, too, it is distinctly stated, in the famous portion of the will already referred to, that "the students who shall be elected to the scholarships shall not be merely bookworms." There is a tremendous difference between the man who really "makes good" at Oxford and who is a fair representative of the Rhodes ideal and the man who merely wins high scholastic honors or gets a "first."

The American scholars have, almost without exception, won high distinction in scholarship while at home, but they go to Oxford for a bigger and better life. They go to obtain culture, to study people, and to learn of the great world. There are many demands upon their time which the ordinary student knows nothing about. Then, too, the educational systems in the two countries are so radically different that the entire mental attitude of the respective students has been affected. Yet, in spite of all this, they make an amazingly good record. For the American, an Oxford course is in the nature of post-graduate work, and he often takes up a line of study for which he has had small previous preparation. The English scholar, on the other hand, begins specializing while in the public school, and finds the university a mere continuation of his former work. With such conditions, it is indeed surprising that a large proportion of our Rhodes Scholars do as well in the final examinations after two years' study as the English who have won college scholarships do after a period of three or even four years.

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In the light of these facts, let us consider the following statement: "A report is now in circulation that several of the most exclusive colleges of Oxford are likely to be closed to Americans holding Cecil Rhodes Scholarships, unless some marked improvement is made in the type of men sent over there." This assertion is exceedingly misleading. It would be hard indeed to pick out any Oxford college and call it "most exclusive." Some colleges stand for one thing and some for another. Magdalen might perhaps be cited as an example of an "exclusive college," for one of the principal conditions for admission seems to be money—a thing which the average Rhodes Scholar does not have. Again, Corpus and Keble are very "high church." I have never known an American to apply for admission to either of these. Exclusive colleges of this sort do not appeal to students from our part of the world: they usually avoid them. Surely these are not the places meant in the above statement? On the other hand, among the colleges enjoying the widest reputation for scholarship and culture as well as for success in athletics may be mentioned New, Balliol, and Trinity. It is very difficult to obtain entrance to these because of the fact that a great number of the best men from the public schools apply for admission months beforehand. Each year many are refused. Yet the number of American Rhodes Scholars admitted last year was higher than it has been in the past. The best colleges have almost invariably been very fortunate in choosing Americans who have made enviable records both in scholarship and in athletics. Their portals are being opened more widely rather than closed to our students.

And why should the English attitude be otherwise? To have been a fair-minded, representative American student at Oxford, even for a short time, would be sufficient to prove the falseness of the charge that an "American clique" has been formed at Oxford, which has, among other things, been detrimental to the formation of the good comradeship so desirable between English and American students. While the American is the most sociable person in the world, the educated Englishman is, by most people who know men, admitted to be, on first acquaintance, the most reserved and unsociable. The natures of the two are

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fundamentally different and are likely to remain so for some time. The close companionship which exists in our own student circles is a thing largely foreign to them. Even if there should not be found the "good comradeship" spoken of, it would be the fault of the English rather than of ourselves. But such is not the case. The American students have met their cousins more than half way. The respective viewpoints are being adjusted day by day, and each is learning something really vital from the other.

There is no "American clique" at Oxford, though there is an American Club to which a great number belong and which meets every week. While this club serves to keep alive the American ideals which, under the influences of an old world university, might too soon be forgotten, yet it does not in any way detract from the Rhodes ideal, but rather upholds it. Nor does it in the slightest degree interfere with the Oxford life; on the contrary, the English now regard it with favor as being a very natural meeting-place for Americans when they wish to "let off a little steam." It is by no means an exclusive club, and is soon to be united with the German and Colonial Clubs, thus forming a Rhodes Scholars' organization, the possibilities of which—a society of picked men from all quarters of the globe —are almost immeasurable for the present and especially for the future. If any defence were needed for assuming this attitude in the matter, it could be best expressed by the following extract from Mr. Rhodes' will:

"I also desire to encourage and foster an appreciation of the advantages which I implicitly believe will result from the union of the English-speaking peoples throughout the world, and to encourage in the students from the United States of North America . . . . an attachment to the country from which they have sprung, but without, I hope, drawing them or their sympathies from the land of their adoption or birth."

Surely there can now remain no doubt in the mind of any one that our Rhodes Scholars are making good. But the question is still frequently asked by the candid inquirer, "How are the Americans received at Oxford?" The answer, already suggested, is easy. While the English at first regarded us as

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curiosities, they now receive us, in most respects, as their cousins from over the sea. They give us a chance to show what is in us, and are much interested in our original ideas. Though one occasionally hears the statement that the life of an American at Oxford is not always the most pleasant, the fact is, if such be the case, the individual alone is responsible.

That a better understanding between the universities of the two countries is being brought about has certainly been sufficiently proved, if, indeed, any proof of a self-evident fact is needed. But this is not all. Many of the Americans who have been benefited by this great foundation have already made enviable records. Yet it is obviously absurd to bring the charge that "so far no great gain or discovery has been made as a result of the research thus provided." Even if this *were* the end to be desired, the time which has elapsed since our first Rhodes Scholars completed their course at Oxford—less than five years—is far too short to enable anyone to pass final judgment on the merits of the scheme. But such is distinctly *not* the aim of these scholarships. Something far better and more extensive is intended: Mr. Rhodes wanted to bring together the men who were to be the future leaders of thought and politics in their respective countries. His call was for men of action as well as for men of character. He was a big man and thought in big terms. He cared nothing for the petty disputes which might arise as to the value of his scheme. Oxford was, with him, only a means to an end. His aim was, at first, to extend the influence of the English-speaking peoples, and later, through the channels of education, so closely to bind together the three great countries—England, Germany, and the United States—that war would be made impossible, that we might have the long-deferred era of universal peace. In his will he says: "*The object is that an understanding between the three Great Powers will render war impossible; and educational relations make the strongest tie.*"

And why, of all universities, did Mr. Rhodes choose Oxford as the place to which the winners of his scholarships shall go? Because he considered it the greatest university in the world. But, is it the best place for our young men? Yes—provided they

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are the kind which that mighty builder was looking for. Even though this famous English institution may not be the ideal school for the undeveloped or inexperienced youth just entering college, it exactly meets the needs of one who has already completed most of his work. Nor has our country anything which can compare with this ancient seat of learning. We can learn far more from Oxford than Oxford can learn from us. For the American who goes there with open mind an abundant reward is waiting. The services of world-renowned specialists in every line of work, as well as the most complete English library in the world—the Bodleian—are continually at his command. Centuries of the richest traditions add charm to the student life. Yet, after all, associations play the most important part in a man's education, and Oxford is the most cosmopolitan university in the world. Here one meets worthy representatives, not only from all parts of our own country, but also from nearly every nation on the face of the earth. No one is in a hurry; everyone takes time to think. Many great movements have originated here. It is preëminently a place of real culture. The true aim of an Oxford education is to enable the student to make a life, rather than to prepare him for making a mere living.

These, briefly, are the facts regarding our Rhodes Scholars, and the actual working of the scholarship scheme. Such were the thoughts of the master-mind which planned it. In view of these things, can any one fear that our representatives at Oxford will become "Anglicized" or Europeanized? Even if they should lose some of their earlier beliefs, it only means that these have given way to a deeper, truer, more universal appreciation of all that pertains to human interest. While they think none the less of the Old World, their love for their own country has been intensified—a less sentimental patriotism, perhaps, but newer, better, whose guiding purpose is the desire to make the United States *first in Peace*.

Let us not be unmindful of the fact that time is required to accomplish anything worth while. Confident of the present, shall we not look forward to greater things? The real fruition of Mr. Rhodes' great plan must be sought in the near future rather than in the present. May the American people soon come to a fuller appreciation of his ideals.

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JAPANESE DRAMA

SADAKICHI HARTMANN

THE theatre in Japan is a comparatively recent establishment. It was unknown as a popular amusement before 1650.

The drama was, as in most countries, of religious origin. Performances, consisting of dances, pantomime, processions and chanted recitations, were given in temples and at church fairs in honor of the Shinto deities. Certain dances accompanied by drum and flute, as the ancient *kagura,* performed so gracefully by O Sada Yacco San during her American tour, may give the stranger a vague idea of the mysterious subtleties of these semi-theatrical, semi-ritual plays. They were written by priests and daimios; depicted legends with monks and warriors as chief personages; and were acted by young men of the military class who were specially trained for the purpose. They appealed solely to the aristocracy, the Court of the Shogun, the feudal barons and their retainers, and to this very day enjoy a certain popularity among the descendants of the samurai class. The attitude of the general public toward these representations was at all times one of tolerance rather than of appreciation, for the simple reason that the ordinary mind failed to comprehend their complicated symbolism.

The plays were called *No,* i. e., lyrical dramas. In their loose construction they resembled our one-act burlesques. They seldom lasted longer than an hour and were interspersed with dances and comic dialogues called *kiogen.* In Ise, the principal seat of Shinto worship, special theatres were erected for the purpose; they were, however, structures of the most primitive kind. The stage consisted of a square, wooden platform open on all sides except in the back, where a wooden wall decorated with a pine tree furnished the traditional background. Several pillars on the open sides supported a huge roof of the familiar gable shape of temples and pagodas. The stage was connected with the greenroom by a wooden trestle, nine feet wide, upon which some of the action took place. This was the forerunner of the

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" flower path " of the popular theatre, one of the most original devices of Japanese stagecraft that will be discussed more fully later on. The orchestra, consisting of flutes, drums and a kind of tambourines, was seated at the back of the stage. The chorus, which played an important part in these performances, squatted on the ground to the right of the spectators. There was no scenery,—as in Shakespeare's time, placards announcing the change of locality were deemed sufficient; extreme care, however, was bestowed upon the costuming, which was as gorgeous as it was elaborate and archæologically accurate. As in ancient Greece, the actors wore masks when they represented supernatural beings.

In a recently published collection of *No* plays the student will find two hundred and thirty-five classical examples, most of which were written in the fifteenth century. After 1600 this style of literature fell into disuse. The *No* is written either in prose or a kind of blank verse of five and seven syllable lines, without any attempt at regularity of alternation. They abound with exquisite lyrical passages, chiefly delicate observations of nature perfect in their " shy suggestion and seductive ease," and a never-ending *jeu de mots* which would make the cleverest puns of the English language seem like the silly antics of a child. The purpose of the plays was strictly ethical and didactic. Piety, patriotism, valor, loyalty, hospitality, hero- and deity-worship furnished the principal themes, and the Buddhistic ideals of the sacredness of all life, of the vanity of human accomplishments and the transitoriness of all things added to them an austere flavor of religious enthusiasm. Besides there was the musical accompaniment and the choregraphic theme. Poetry, music, dancing and pantomime are much more closely associated in Japan than elsewhere. A dancer, without following any special composition, would easily find the correct attitudes to illustrate the recitation of a poem, and a musician would encounter no difficulty in improvising some accompaniment to a dance or pantomime he had never seen or heard before.

The action of the *No* is generally simplicity itself. A warrior, some illustrious personage or the guardian of some Shinto shrine, appears upon the scene and tells the audience that he

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intends to make a pilgrimage to some temple, battlefield or celebrated spot. As there is no unity of time, space and action, it is easy for the "principal character" to reach any particular place of destination, no matter how far it may be separated from the goal by distance or years.

A pilgrim, staff in hand, wearing a huge basket-like straw hat, enters singing:

> "Restlessly I roam thro' floating, ever changing space
> To and fro, lost in dreams;
> When shall I solve their meaning?" .

He continues to talk in prose:

"My name is Rosei and I come from a district in the Shyoku province. Although possessed with reason, I have not yet been able to comprehend the doctrines of Buddha. They have confused me; I am doubtful as to what I should do. I have heard, however, that an old sage lives on Mount Yohizan in the province of So and thither I shall proceed."

Thereupon he chants again:

"The place destined to be my dwelling lies far away in cloudy distances, and many mountain ranges have to be crossed before I'll reach it. I own naught but this pilgrim's robe. At times sunset surprised me in the wild moorland or on lonesome mountain paths, and I frequently slept under the open sky, but now the end of my journeys approaches; I have arrived at the village of Kantan."

This is a typical entrance. Primitive, no doubt, but it has the merit of direct explanation. No dialogue or special stage direction is necessary to reveal the character, and it is rather a help than a hindrance to action.

On his arrival he generally meets some ghost or deity that relates a local legend and finally reveals its identity to the surprised visitor. Guileless as this action may seem, considerable ingenuity is frequently applied in bringing about the simple sequence of events. For instance, an old man and woman enter, apparently an old married couple, who chant in regular metre that, although they dwell apart, they grow old together like the fir trees of Takasago and Suminoye (two favorite legendary

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subjects of Japanese artists and painters), as the hearts of a husband and wife that respond to one another are never far apart. The pilgrim wonders at this strange statement. The chorus chants beautiful lines about the seasons, land and sea breezes, and the dark-green leaves of fir trees that suffer no change, and the couple finally reveal the secret that they are really the spirits of the Takasago and Suminoye fir trees. Thereupon a god of "peaceful dwelling" appears and enters into a poetic dialogue with the chorus and the playlet comes to a satisfactory end with the lines:

> **And ever anon**
> **The wind of the heather**
> **As it blows through the firs**
> **That grow old together**
> **Our heart strangely stirs.**

Some of the *No* plays have more dramatic action. *Tosen* is one of these, of which the following is a *résumé*. A Chinese sailor has been forced into slavery by a Japanese nobleman. His two sons, after thirteen years, come to ransom their father. He in the meanwhile has married a Japanese woman and has two children by her. The little ones are not allowed to accompany him home; and the main action of the play centres in the emotional struggle of the father, who loves his children equally well and cannot decide as to which of his children he should abandon. He makes an attempt to drown himself, and after various scenes and dialogues, eloquent with the sentiments of paternal duty and love, he is allowed to depart with all four.

The *No*, as one can readily discern, offers few opportunities for poetic expansion, but, after all, it introduces the reader to a quaint world of lore, fancy and religious sentiment filled with startling truths of types and places,—supreme impressions of exquisite grace, "high places of the mind where below the wavering lights and shadows come and go." Its greatest charm for the Western mind lies, no doubt, in the poetical expression of nature. The descriptions of landscapes, of hoar-frost and morning dew, of rainstorms and emblossomed trees, of starshine and moonlight, of snowscapes and mountain tops reveal a lyri-

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cism of the highest order, perfect and restrained, that would stand comparison with the best efforts of the Provençal poets.

The popular theatre came into vogue in the middle of the seventeenth century. The farcical interludes of the *No* dramas, in a way, were responsible for the innovation. Some of its humor was so far removed from religious sentiment and so uncouth that it shocked the clergy, and for that matter might have shocked anybody. Imagine a Wycherly or Farquhar collaborating in a mystery play. Yet these farcical intermezzi were the only feature of the performances that drew the crowd, and as the temple authorities made every effort to restrict these encroachments on sacerdotal dignity, it was but natural that some enterprising amusement providers devised the plan of offering the public similar exhibitions exempt from religious association. Their venture proved successful, although the Government found it necessary to introduce a permanent and most rigorous censorship. Many companies were formed. They consisted entirely either of women, of boys, or of men. The simplicity of the former stage representation was abolished, and the theatres had henceforth all the mechanical contrivances, as trapdoors, revolving platforms, solid properties, elaborate scenery and light-effects. The plays produced in these theatres were at first the compositions of the actors engaged in them, but later were written by professional dramatists.

Up to that period the public had been satisfied with vagrant story-tellers and marionette theatres. The story-tellers made it their profession to chant and recite, in public thoroughfares, to the sound of the samisen, the adventures of popular heroes. The marionette theatre was a more serious institution. For centuries it was the one place for a more serious appreciation of the drama. To judge from present performances, these miniature entertainments were perfect in every particular. The puppets were masterpieces of mechanical ingenuity, daintily and realistically made. They could mime and dance, move their eyes, lips and fingers like the best of trained performers. The automata of French mechanics of the eighteenth century were life-size and perhaps for that reason more lifelike, but they were not superior in flexibility and naturalness of expression. Many of

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the absurd situations and impossible incidents of Japanese plays, as for instance the jumping of the hero over a moat to the parapet of a castle, the wrenching off of heads and the plucking out of eyes and other gruesome details, can be explained only by the nature of the performances, as marionettes can do things impossible to human actors.

Even the greatest dramatist of the Land of the Rising Sun, Ckikamitsu (say Chee-ka-mits), wrote almost exclusively for the marionette theatre during the early part of his career. He was a samurai born in 1653. Early in life he became a *ronin,* i. e., a homeless samurai dismissed for misconduct, who hired himself out to any master who desired his services. Later at the age of thirty-two he drifted into playwriting. He died in 1724, leaving about a hundred plays, of which fifty-one have been published in a modern edition. Quite a performance for two score years! The majority of them are five-act plays, about three to four hours long, and deal exclusively either with events of history or mediæval life and manners. Two of his most famous plays are *A Woman's Harakiri* and *The Battles of Kokusenya.* Both are still stock pieces of the Japanese theatre of to-day.

Ckikamitsu's name is mentioned by the Japanese scholar with the same veneration as Shakespeare's by the rest of the world. His work is really too little known by the Western world to permit of any serious comparison. There is no doubt, however, that his work has striking resemblances to Shakespeare's. Like the Bard of Avon he is a master of his language and of stagecraft. He uses poetry and prose, comedy and tragedy, common speech and dignified diction with the same fluency, and seems to have a similar wide and varied knowledge of history and human experiences. He is equally fond of the depiction of combats and scenes of torture, of suicides and murders, only in a still more extravagant fashion. Both wrote at a time when warfare furnished the leading topic of the day, and this may excuse much of their partiality for " multitudinous seas incarnadine." Scenes of cruelty, such as can be found in *King Lear, Titus Andronicus,* and some of the historical dramas, are common occurrences in Ckikamitsu's plays. We pardon these atrocities to Shakespeare because he invariably manages to introduce a few words so beau-

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tiful that one's feeling of terror is changed into sympathy. Ckikamitsu's technique, on the other hand, is more like Sardou's in the torturing scene of *La Tosca,* and it is difficult to accept some of his sanguiferous exploits in good faith, particularly if they follow each other closely. And an act by Ckikamitsu is little more than a continuous succession of intrigues, rescues, assassinations, imprisonments, escapes and wholesale slaughter. Events are conjured up in such abundance that they would have staggered even the crimson imagination of a Marlowe or Massinger.

This peculiar rush of action, in a way, was responsible for the importance that was gradually attached to the *hana michi,* the so-called flower path. Anything to relieve congestion on the stage. And these boardwalks seemed to be just made for the purpose. They ran from either side of the stage through the entire audience to the entrance and from there outside the auditorium back to the stage. At the appearance of some favorite actor these paths were frequently strewn with flowers, which explains the name. They were intended originally for the exits and entrances of leading characters. If an actor represented a traveller, he had himself conveyed in a koga or a kuruma along one of these paths, and by a little by-play it was easy for him to suggest to the audience his peculiar mood or state of mind before he took actual part in the play. This, however, represented merely the beginning of their utility. A shrewder and much more effective application was soon evolved for these peculiar stage contrivances. They were made the playground for marching armies, for ambushes and elopements, for retreats and pursuits of robbers by soldiers, etc. Hostile forces came along the two paths to meet in a deadly combat on the stage. Also minor scenes were sometimes enacted on these paths. For instance, the rise of the curtain discovered upon the stage an old couple waiting for the return of their daughter. They are ignorant of the fate that has befallen her, but the audience is informed of her whereabouts by her entrance on the flower-path and the sudden appearance of bandits who drag her away for a ransom.

Ckikamitsu was the "unrivalled" ruler of the *hana michi.*

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With their help he could launch and maintain two or three separate plots at the same time, and keep the audience breathless by an intricate sequence of parallel events that moved with astonishing rapidity and precision from the opening scene to the final catastrophe. The one thing essential to a drama is action. Ibsen for this very deficiency should never be ranked amongst the greatest of dramatists. Many writers far inferior to him in character delineation are the Norwegian's superior in that respect. Ckikamitsu has no superior in the manipulation of plot movement. His position in the world's literature is more difficult to determine. His diction is rhythmical and stately, particularly so in the narratives and poetical descriptions of the chorus, and his play of fancy seems well-nigh inexhaustible. Yet there is much that is stilted, unnatural and in bad taste. He is too fond of shocking his audiences. We cannot help admiring his vigor of expression, the barbaric splendor of his vision, and his superb knowledge of stage business. But does it condone the crudeness of his character delineation, and the brutality of his themes, at times almost inconceivable to our sense of æsthetics? And yet he is undeniably a poet. Here and there in the most bloodcurdling of his plays we are confronted with an episode so subtle and exquisite in poetical suggestiveness that no Western dramatist would dare to introduce it, even if he had the faculty and inclination to do so. I remember one play in which the death of a young hero was announced solely by a scenic effect. The stage picture represented a hut surrounded by trees in blossom. After a long pause suddenly a few petals fell from the tree of life indicating that the young warrior, who lay wounded in the cottage, had died. (It is impossible to give a synopsis of any one of Ckikamitsu's plays, as it would take the scope of the entire article to do justice to the endless array of complicated situations, plots and counterplots.)

Slowly, toward the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Japanese drama underwent a decided change. It adopted more and more the European methods of construction. The dialogue became all-important and the chorus was neglected. Idzumo and Hanni excelled in this style. Of course many other playwrights could be named, but Ckikamitsu, Idzumo and Hanni are un-

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doubtedly the three that are always mentioned when the Japanese drama is under discussion. Idzumo generally worked in conjunction with three or five collaborators, a method similar to our present ways of producing a comic opera. He is the author of the world-famous drama of the *Forty-Seven Ronins,* which has outlived the fashions of the time and exists to this very day in forty to fifty different versions. In general character his dramas resemble those of his predecessor, but his plots have the advantage of not being quite as improbable and his characters of being a trifle more true to normal human conditions. As a poet, however, he ranks less highly. The same may be said of Hanni, who relied for his effects largely on novel situations, witty dialogues and spectacular devices. The latter are the most remarkable feature of the Japanese drama, not so much for their originality as for their intense realism of execution. Nothing is left to the imagination. If an actor enters from a rainy street his umbrella and clogs are wet. If a murder is committed the flow of blood is represented by red ribbons or tissue paper. Their scenic arrangements are those of a painter. All the fancies of a water colorist, the flight of birds, the rustling of foliage, the swaying of rushes before the wind, the patter of rain drops, are reproduced with a rare skill. One has to see them to realize that Wagner had his artistic progenitor centuries ago.

And hand in hand with this realism, strange to say, went a systematized method of gestures and movements that was as pedantic as it was absolute. It was like the classic style of ballet dancing, which to this day has time-honored regulations for the expression of human emotions. And no art has ever been more academic than the Japanese. Every phase of æsthetic endeavor had its cast-iron conventions, fixed rules and devices. Certain emotions had to be expressed in a certain traditional way, just as the stems of flowers had to be bent and twisted by an expert according to certain laws of composition to meet the approval of any cultured purchaser. In the *No* dramas, for instance, the striking of one leg with the foot of the other was supposed to typify the mounting or dismounting of a horse. And in the same manner as an artist of distinction was restricted in the

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drawing of the human figure, an actor was allowed to use only certain gestures and inflections for each mood or emotion.

Owing to these very stereotyped standards, Japanese stage art went into a decline toward 1800, and revived only under the influence of European literature in the seventies. The spokesman for the modern realistic drama is Fukuchi Genekiro, who calls himself a " drama-author." He made the unsuccessful attempt of introducing *Hamlet, Macbeth* and *Lear* in the Shintomiza, the leading theatre of Tokio, but little inferior if any to the Théâtre Français or the Vienna Burg Theater. With Corneille and the dramas of Schiller he was more fortunate. In his own dramas, as for instance *The Feast of Cherry-blossoms,* he endeavored to combine Western construction with native ideas. One of the main difficulties is to find actors who can adapt themselves to the European way of acting.

In the eighties there were many excellent actors, but they all upheld the old tradition. Danjiro, the ninth of the line of the famous histrionic family dating from 1673, was still the ideal of the entire population. Besides there were Sadanje, Fukuchi, Geneski, the great impersonator of female characters, Mme Yone Hashi and the comedians Kikagura, Narahoma and Morimoto, the latter probably the most remarkable facial contortionist the stage has ever seen. His muscles were so flexible and trained that he could cover his entire nose with his underlip, and his eyes with the muscles of his cheeks, a gift that proved exceptionally valuable in the interpretation of demons and evil genii. Most of the Japanese actors possess a goodly share of the special talent of acrobats, ventriloquists and change artists. They have complete mastery over their body and can overcome every difficulty. Danjiro's versatility was astonishing. He did not merely play juveniles, heroic, character and comedy parts, but also, despite his age of seventy, young girl heroines.

But even this versatility means little toward a correct interpretation of Ibsen or the French dramatists. Sada Yacco, who now has her own theatre in Tokio, is essentially modern in her methods. The acting of her company would remind the western theatre-goer of the style of a Willard, or of the Irish Players. They have abandoned the classic mode and the tactics of an-

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tiquity. The theatre itself is a building of stone, in semi-European style, more imposing than most American structures of this kind; and they play versions of *The Merchant of Venice, Pygmalion and Galatea, Camille* and Daudet's *Sappho,* in the costumes of the respective periods.

It is not quite the thing which lovers of Old Japan expect or wish to see, but everything in these islands is undergoing a transformation at present, and no doubt the stage will eventually profit by more cosmopolitan ideas and management. Yet the finest flavor will be furnished as heretofore by the curious customs and manners of olden times—the spirit of chivalry, the ceremonious etiquette and all the brilliant color of that ancient life that has endeared Japan and its art to the Western World.

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DONALD LOWRIE'S LIFE IN PRISON

CHARLES VALE

IT has been said that there are but nine dinners between a contented citizen and a crude anarchist; and it was either John Wesley, or some one with the spirit of the great reformer, who, observing an unhappy convict in chains, uttered the profound truth: "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley."

Science joins hands with the Methodist and the churches. The grace of God is analyzed into heredity, environment, training, influence. Something else may be left, elusive yet real; spiritual, essential. But the faith of the dogmatic religions is not needed to establish the brotherhood of the criminal and the saint. Faith in humanity, comprehension of human conditions, is sufficient.

For centuries it has been a platitude of statecraft that any so-called Christian nation which presumed to put into practice the precepts it was supposed to accept as binding, would be doomed to immediate destruction. The assumption may be true, but some doubt has been thrown upon it latterly. Christ, for example, preached peace; and his prophets and poets have kept the dream in remembrance. At last, the world is definitely preparing to accept reason in place of force, though Armageddons may intervene before the final consummation. The progress of the women toward the realization of their inalienable rights, is another clear sign of the passing of the old order of coercion, the coming of the new days of freedom:—freedom from passion and hypocrisy; freedom from brute force, brute standards, brute aims.

All reform is punctuated by the protests of the stand-patters. The jeers grow stronger,—then fade away. The parade of the "faddists" becomes the march of progress. A little applause is heard. Society, raised one step in spite of itself, is congratulating itself.

But society is still building prisons, and still taking excellent care that the prisons shall be filled.

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Thieves were crucified with Christ, each on his own cross. Thieves are crucified to-day, in Christ's name. Is the perpetual sacrifice necessary?

The carpenter of Nazareth placed the limit of man's forgiveness of his brother, at seventy times seven. A California judge interprets this into a sentence of fifty years for a boy's first offence. The contrast is sufficiently startling.

Theories of the aims of punishment have been debated for many years. Without the walls of prisons, men and women have talked earnestly of deterrent, reformative or retributive methods. Within the walls, men and women have continued to endure the deadly routine, the petty tyranny, the crushing of a human being into a number. Little by little, something has been done; something worth while. The outside talks have produced inside changes. But the fundamental change has not been made. Society does not yet admit that it is responsible for the criminals it manufactures, with its slums, its saloons, its prostitutes, its factories and its defective schools.

But society has passed beyond the stage of indifference. It is willing to listen. It listens to its scientists. It listens to its churches, whenever, here and there, a man comes from them to say something worth the saying. It listens to its famous men. It has listened to Charles Reade, though he spoke to it in a novel; to Charles Dickens, when he put the Marshalsea into *Little Dorrit;* to Oscar Wilde—though not too willingly—when he spoke from the depths, or compressed the calvary of the convict into a ballad; and, in our own day, it has listened to John Galsworthy, whose *Justice* has perhaps done more for civilization in two years, than all the judges in two generations.

Now comes another book, unpretentious, without the advertisement of any great literary name. But it is true and vital. Within its pages passes the myriorama of prison life. And within its pages may be found revelations of the divine and the undivine; of strange humility and stranger arrogance; of free men brutalized and caged men humanized; of big and little tragedies; of long sordidness and brief forgetfulness. There is humor, too, though sometimes the jest is made ironic by its sequel. And there is romance—the romance of the real; not

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the romance of Kipling's 9.15, but the romance of No. 19,093, and of all the other numbers that made up the arithmetical hell of San Quentin prison.

The book is called *My Life in Prison*. It is written by Donald Lowrie. Why he went to prison, does not matter. He tells the story himself. He has paid in full the debt due to society, and is now paying his share of the debt due from him, and from every free man and woman, to the outcasts of society, from the one-year convict to the man who is "doing it all." His story is not a lawyer's plea, for the defence or the prosecution. It is a statement of facts, set down simply and without exaggeration. Yet few novels could so absorb interest. It is human utterly. That is the reason. Not only is the very atmosphere of the prison preserved, from the colossal sense of encagement and defencelessness, to the smaller jealousies, exultations and disappointments; not only is there a succession of characters emerging into the clearest individuality and genuineness,—each with its distinctive contribution and separate value: but beyond the details and through all the contrasted variety, there is the spell of complete drama,—the drama of life. Here is the underworld in continuous moving pictures, with the overworld watching. True, the stage is a prison; but is not all the world a stage?

Let us look at a few of the pictures—disconnected; each merely one out of hundreds; yet conveying glimpses of the full movement. I wish I could give many more, the humorous with the grave. Especially I wish that I could give the story of "Ed. Morrell"—the most extraordinary prison romance ever written, in fiction or biography. But it is too long. It would take the whole of this number of THE FORUM; and another number could well be filled with the selections I am reluctant to discard, yet cannot find space to use.

The First Picture

"My first glimpse of San Quentin prison was decidedly depressing. It looked bleak and ugly—a scar on the landscape. Somehow I thought of the black hole of Lucknow and that

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awful summer day in the fifties. As the train wound in and out through the Marin County hills and vales, the prison, silhouetted on a bare promontory, seemed beckoning me. Presently it was hidden by intervening hills, and the train drew up at a small, barnlike station. I expected the brakeman to call San Quentin, but he said 'Green Brae!'

"A rickety, dust-begrimed stage awaited us. There were several other passengers. Instinctively I knew they were connected with the prison, and I dropped the newspaper. The handcuffs did not attract attention. An utter indifference characterized the passengers—they talked and laughed among themselves quite naturally. But I caught a fleeting, half-shamed glance of sympathy from the brown eyes of an awkward, freckle-faced schoolgirl. It did me good—I still remember it.

"Passing through the 'patent gate' that marks the western boundary of the prison reservation, my attention was drawn to another scarification of the earth.

"I gazed, appalled.

"Slowly it dawned upon me that I was looking into the prison cemetery. There was no green thing near—nothing but bare, dirty-yellow earth. Rows of white boards, each with its black number staring out over the road, marked the last resting place of hundreds of men—and some women—who had passed that same spot, living, breathing entities, and they had gazed horrifiedly, just as I gazed.

"What complete indifference to human sensibilities was responsible for placing this graveyard at the very entrance to the penitentiary?"

The Mess Hall

"The mess hall is partly underground, with windows on one side only, and is about four hundred feet in length. An immense building—the old sash and door factory—cuts off the light from these windows, so that it is often necessary to have artificial light for the midday meal. An aisle extends down the centre of this cellar-like place, and long tables, each accommodating twenty-two persons, run out at right angles on either side of the aisle. The floor is asphaltum and is always wet or damp. The walls are whitewashed.

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"Of course there are no tablecloths or napkins—just the plain board table. Tinware is used exclusively and is always rusty, save when a dozen or two new pans are added to the equipment.

"The place smells worse than a stable, always, but more so on some days than on others.

"The prisoners filed into this place indiscriminately, the only segregation being that of the Chinese, who have separate tables. Negroes, Japanese, Hindus, syphilitics, old men without teeth, young boys with huge appetites line up as they may and march in, to the general trough.

"Twelve minutes is the regular time allowed for meals, and the food is served in pans, each prisoner helping himself. No service spoons or ladles are provided. Each prisoner dips into the common receptacle with the spoon with which he eats. . . .

"I do not want to disgust or sicken you, but if you ever wonder why a man coming out of prison is bitter and feels revengeful, perhaps this one minor fact will help you to understand and tend to make you charitable.

"If the theory of imprisonment is purely punitive, why, of course, this and other horrors should not be condemned, but if there is the least idea of making the prisoner a better man, of reforming him—and I believe that is the theory—then these things should be known to the public."

The Chaplain's Sermon

[The Rev. Augustus Drahms was the chaplain: a hard, narrow man, who had alienated every feeling of respect for his office and the creed he had distorted.]

"Such was the man that 'Smoky' and the rest of us went to hear that cold winter morning in the year of our Lord 1902—nineteen centuries after the crucifixion of Jesus Christ to save sinners.

"I shall never forget that sermon. There wasn't a word of charity nor a tone of sympathy in it. We sat there and squirmed while he digressed for a moment to tell us it was for

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our 'good' that we were in prison and that it was for our 'good' that we had assembled to hear him say so.

"After he had finished there was another hymn, not nearly so effective as the first had been—the 'sermon' had deadened response—and then the chaplain called for 'testimony.'

"Quite a number of men responded, and 'Smoky' kept up a running commentary.

"'A fakir,' 'A hypocrite,' 'He'd steal th' rings off his dead mother's fingers,' 'That guy's on th' square,' 'He'd cut y'r t'roat in a minute,' were some of his expressions as different men arose.

"Finally an unprepossessing man, with a sensual face, got up and talked for ten minutes, chiefly about himself and how much better he felt since the Lord had singled him out as particularly worthy. He finished with: '—but there's one thing above all others that I'm thankful for. Praise the Lord I'm not here for stealing.'

"Smoky squirmed in his seat and clinched his hands, and I knew he was very much wrought up, especially when the chaplain arose and offered a prayer in which he recommended the last speaker in particular to the watchfulness and favoritism of the Almighty.

"When we got outside I took several breaths of fresh air. I was conscious of conflicting emotions.

"'That last man who spoke,' I ventured, as 'Smoky' and I reached the yard—'what's he here for? He thanked God he wasn't here for stealing.'

"'Smoky' turned so abruptly that I thought he was going to hit me. His eyes were flashing and his shoulders heaving.

"'D'y'r wanter know what that guy's here f'r?' he asked. 'D'y'r really wanter know?'

"Of course, that only served to make me more curious.

"'Well, I'll tell y'r. You an' me is angels, milk-white angels, alongside o' that stiff. All he did was f'rget that th' little 15-year-old girl was his own daughter; that's all. An' that hatchet-faced grafter gettin' up an' askin' Almighty God t' single that kind of a yeller-tail outer th' herd an' save him a reserved seat when we all humps off. Bah! If that's Christianity, thank God I'm an honest crook.'"

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Final Rehearsals

"The day before Siemsen and Dabner were executed I had occasion to go up to the general utility room. Calmly, as though decorating a Christmas box, two striped men were tacking cheesecloth inside a coffin. Close at hand was another coffin, already finished. These coffins were being prepared for two human beings who at the moment were alive and in good health.

"That night when the prisoner who had charge of the execution room came down to the office I asked him how the two condemned men, or, rather, the man and the boy, were taking it.

"'Oh, they're all right,' he replied. 'But I've had a hard day of it. I was hung six times this afternoon. You see, they're going to hang them together, and some green guards will have to be used to do the work. They don't want any delay or slips, so they had me act as a dummy for the guards to practise on. I went through the whole performance six times —stood on the trap, had my legs strapped and the black-cap and rope over my neck. Ugh! It was fierce.'"

A Double Execution

"At 10 o'clock the front gate was opened to let in the 'crowd.' Immediately the 'witnesses' began to pour in. Many of them were smoking cigars and most of them were laughing as they hurried across the yard.

"Over in the cell buildings the doors were locked, and white faces peeped from the wickets. An hour before they hang a man all the prisoners working in the upper yard and shops are locked in their cells. But there is no way to close the wickets.

"An awful silence had fallen over the prison. The several men who worked in the office building, and were exempt from the lock-up rule, had assembled in the clothing room, without concerted understanding; but no one spoke.

"'Happy Jack,' a lawyer serving ten years, tried to whistle, but broke down miserably, and mumbled something under his

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breath. The silence was emphasized when he ceased. It seemed as though every man were listening for the thud of the traps.

"This was to be a double execution. Two men were to be dropped into eternity at the same time. They were to stand side by side as the nooses were adjusted. It was horrible. It is impossible to put it into words.

"There had not been a 'double' execution at San Quentin for years, though on one occasion three men had been hanged on the same day. Two had 'swung off' together, while the third listened tensely in the nearby chamber. I have often thought that this third man must have suffered the tortures of the damned.

"The execution was to be at 10.30. At 10.29 I could stand it no longer, and started to add a long column of figures. But instead of figures I saw ropes and coffins dancing before my eyes. And then 'Happy Jack' came to the rescue. He told a funny story—something about a darky captured by the Union troops during the Civil War, who, when asked why he did not join the Union forces and help fight for his own cause, said:

"'Well, colonel, I'se seen two dogs fightin' for a bone, but I'se nebber seed the bone fight!'

"We all laughed uproariously, almost hysterically. And yet the story had been unintentionally *à propos*. While we were still laughing the 'witnesses' began to come back. They passed across the garden briskly. I expected to see serious, even tragic faces. Instead, I saw smiles and heard heartless comment. I could not understand it, save on the theory that they were trying to conceal what they really felt. I believe that was the case, for at all the executions that occurred during the years that followed the 'witnesses' always came back laughing.

"Presently I saw the trusty from the execution room coming across the yard with an armful of striped clothing. He entered the clothing room and threw the garments on the table.

"'Two men discharged,' he commented grimly, as he wiped his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"Instantly I knew it was the clothing I had furnished to the two condemned men three days before, and I drew back so that it might not touch me. I turned into the next room—the

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turnkey's office—and asked what I should do with it. The turnkey had just returned from the execution room, where he had adjusted one of the black caps—shutting out the light of God's sun forever from a human face. I looked at his hands, expecting to see them covered with blood. He was chewing a fresh cigar and seemed quite cool.

" ' Have buckles sewed on and put 'em in stock,' he said, tersely. ' They're practically new. They've only been worn three days.' "

What Some Women Know

" At 4.30 in the afternoon the key is turned on the unhappy women, and the long, gloomy night is before them.

" The kitchen is a dark, smelly place, with numerous holes in the floor, through which rats find ready entrance. Beyond is the storeroom, and thence a doorway leading into a dark hall about fourteen feet long. It is here that the dungeons are located, two 6 x 10 cells, called ' holes ' by the matron, which are blacker than night, damp and altogether horrible. A thin straw mattress and a pair of blankets constitute the only furnishing of this awful place. Women are ' thrown ' into the dungeon at the pleasure of the matron, without a chance to defend themselves.

" One woman who had not stood upon her feet for years was confined there for eighty-three days because she insisted on having a receipt for valuables that had been taken from her when she came into the prison. During part of that time she was in the jacket. Oh, yes, they use the jacket on women as well as on the men.

" Without light, water or towels, this poor woman, unable to move save by crawling, survived. She is a living example of what the human body may endure. She was finally brought out into the light, given a pair of crutches and put to work making buttonholes in the men's garments that are made by the women. Later, for a trifling reply, she was knocked to the floor by the matron, dragged to her cell and locked in for three months, with no food but bread and water.

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"When she was released again she was not permitted to have her crutches. Her mode of locomotion was to sit in a small rocker and hitch along the floor. In order to get anything to eat she had to hitch down eighteen steps, across the yard to the dining-room, and back in the same way. In rainy weather she did not get out at all, but used to depend for food upon the kindness of the other prisoners, who ran the risk of being punished by giving it to her."

Cordelia Botkin

"We were not supposed to see California newspapers, but the matron used to bring in clippings for her favorites. These clippings were always of horrible occurrences. If a paper or book had any case of poisoning, for instance, it would be marked with the name of Cordelia Botkin and handed to that unhappy woman. Cordelia Botkin died in her cell from the effects of softening of the brain, brought on by the mental sufferings she endured. Whether guilty or not, she was human. She went through hell before she died."

The Straitjacket

"In January, 1908, a prisoner named R—— was caught making shell ornaments in his cell. The captain of the yard inferred that he was engaged in making these ornaments for the guards—that he was trading—and the man was sent to the dungeon and placed in the straitjacket for the purpose of forcing him to divulge with whom he was 'doing business.' For several days he was kept in the jacket—six hours in, six hours out.

"On the afternoon of January 20, 1908, Ed. Morrell, whose duty it was to accompany the dungeon officer when he went down there, came into the office and called me into the plate room.

"'This R—— case is getting fierce,' he groaned. 'I can't stand seeing much more of this kind of thing. I feel like throwing everything up and killing some of these torturers. R——

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can't stand much more, and yet they intend giving it to him worse than ever. Just now the captain told Murray to put a coat on him to-night before he goes into the sack, so as to make it tighter. You see, he's shrunk so much since he first went in that the jacket is getting loose. The coat will make it fit tight—and hotter.'

"That evening the dungeon-keeper—a prisoner—rushed to the office with the startling information that he thought R—— was dying. The captain came into the turnkey's office for the keys and went down to investigate. In a few minutes he returned, a look of fiendish satisfaction on his face.

"'Has he squealed?' asked Murray, the lieutenant of the yard.

"'No, the —— —— ——,' was the reply, 'but he will before I get through with him.'

"Men sentenced to the jacket are trussed up at 7 A. M. and remain that way until 1 P. M. Then they have the freedom of the dark cell until 7 P. M., when they are again trussed up, to remain until 1 A. M., at which hour the sergeant of the second watch takes the jacket off until morning. They are fed a few ounces of bread and water every twenty-four hours. This punishment continues as long as the captain of the yard desires.

"The next morning an extra coat was placed on R—— before he was laced in the jacket. In a few minutes his screams of agony were piercing our brains. I can hear them yet. I shall always hear them. Every man who heard them unconsciously kept as quiet as possible. We moved about with light tread. Without reasoning about it, we wanted those screams to have full sway, to reach everywhere, all through the prison, over the walls, out into the world, into the homes of men and women, into the schools, into the churches. It was not R——, Convict No. 20,581, who was screaming; it was not the human soul that was being strangled—it was the composite, the group-soul of all the proscribed. But the screams did not seem to move those who had it in their power to relieve the victim. Only his fellow convicts suffered with him—

> "'And through each brain on hands of pain
> Another's terror crept.'

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"The screams had to penetrate two steel doors and wind through the cellar-like passageway to the outer air. Their very faintness made them more horrible. It sounded like a man being tortured in the bowels of the earth. After the dungeon-keeper had timidly reported at the office twice—he was always fearful when he came to report screams, because he was sometimes sent back with a reprimand about being chicken-hearted—the captain went down to investigate, but refused to release the victim. He came back, jangling the keys at his side and humming 'Annie Rooney.' After a time the screams became fainter. Finally they died away.

"R—— was carried to the incorrigible ward that evening. What happened to him up there he will have to tell himself—if he ever comes out of San Quentin alive."

A 'Rotten Crook'

["Smoky" was one of Donald Lowrie's cell-mates. He was a "born criminal"—his cradle was a pasteboard box in the middle of a vacant lot. The old man looms largely in the earlier pages, and on the eve of his release he speaks a little of the things he knows so well.]

"'I've done a lot of thinkin' lately, and I'm goin' out t'do th' right thing. This kind of a life don't pay at no stage of th' game. I've been drillin' that int' all th' young fellers lately, th' same as Charlie Thorn and Buck English, an' ol' Kelsey an' all th' other old timers are doin' ev'ry chance they get. It ain't us old crooks, it ain't us "hardened criminals," as they calls us, that steer th' young fellers wrong, you know that. Why, half of these kids that blow in nowadays know more about th' business than I ever knew, an' more'n I'd ever know, even if I was goin' back at it. It's these reform schools that do that. Get a bunch of kids together an' they'll learn more about th' crooked game in a week than they'd get in ten years here. Kids think it's smart to know all th' ins and outs. But I keep tellin' 'em it don't pay; that it is a sucker game, an' that we're a lot of mutts.

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"'Have y'r ever stopped t' think what a losin' game it all is? Take St. Paul Blackie's case f'r example. He got pinched prowlin' a shack in th' dead of night. They didn't get him in the act, but afterwards. What happened? In th' first place th' owner of th' house lost a measly $17. Then when they tried Blackie th' guy that lost the $17 had t' come to court as a witness, an' lost three days' work. There were four or five other witnesses, an' of course they lost their time, too. It cost the county over $500, an' that's puttin' it light, f'r the trial. Then Blackie got ten years, an' lost his liberty. He came here and worked in th' jute mill year after year, all th' time losin' the pay that a man ought t' get f'r his work. Yet all th' time he was losin' this pay it cost the State 30 or 40 cents a day t' keep him—that's more'n a hundred dollars a year f'r one man, an' there's close t' 2,000 here, not t' mention Folsom. Not only this, but Blackie was gettin' older all th' time, an' losin' in character every day. When his time was up he went out sore, with his mind made up t' get even. You know how he got even. He was out three weeks an' then got fifteen years at Folsom f'r holdin' a man up and gettin' ten dollars off him. An' while Blackie was doin' his ten-spot here his mother went t' th' poorhouse, where th' State had t' support her, an' she died there. S' y'r see, all th' way through, from start t' finish, it was a dead loss all around. . . . Of course, lots of people think that society gains somethin' by sendin' a man here an' makin' life a hell f'r him. They think th' example keeps lots of others from breakin' the laws; but I don't. . . . There's somethin' rotten somewhere. If they'd let us guys work an' pay us f'r it, an' make us pay f'r what we got, y'r'd see a big difference. Y'r wouldn't see men comin' back, an y'r'd see lots of 'em go out an' take their proper place in th' world. They'd have th' work habit then, because they'd know that work brings a man all that makes life worth while.

"'I tell y'r th' time has got t' come when these places 'll be sensible. This ain't no mush, it's good common sense. My life is gone now, I'm vergin' on old age, but my life wouldn't 'abeen wasted if they'd had th' right system th' first time I got kicked inter this dump. Courts an' jails an' prisons are neces-

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sary, I know that. I know that people have a right to keep what belongs t' 'em, an' that when a man takes a life, or when he takes what ain't his by right of his work, he's got t' be cut out of th' herd an' put over th' jumps, but when they do that why don't they try to make a better man of him instead of treatin' him like a brute?

" 'Some day, when women get a say in makin' th' law, y'r'll see a big change in all these things. Th' only days that stand out in my life are days when I met women. Th' only kind things I ever had done f'r me was by women.'

" The officer came to dress 'Smoky' in his 'glad rags,' and a few minutes later he shook hands with me and passed out of the front gate—and out of my life. I have never heard of him since that day. As we turned to wave good-bye before ducking through the man-gate, the lieutenant of the yard sneered and said:

" 'I wonder how long before that rotten crook will be back?' "

* * *

When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes what he could do for him, the answer came: " Stand a little out of my sunshine."

The convict of to-day is usually neither a cynic nor a wise man. But, whatever he may have forfeited, he retains, at least, this inalienable right—to be judged, not by the careless, the incompetent, or the vindictive; but in the light of all that science has revealed, and society has ignored. And so, though he be less than Diogenes, he may well say to the public, that is greater than Alexander, " Stand a little out of my sunshine."

For his life is dark at the best, and not all the shadows are of his own contriving.

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EDITORIAL NOTES

IT is impossible to discuss Colonel Roosevelt any further. He has said, himself, all that could be said—and incontestably more than any man who has received a nation's trust, should be capable of saying. He has strangely disregarded the traditions that should bind, not merely an ex-President, but all prominent public men. He has substituted diatribe, misstatement and personalities, for dignity, dispassionateness and common sense. He has attempted to wreck his party; he has succeeded in wrecking utterly his own reputation.

There have been many semi-humorous, half-doubtful references to his egomania and reckless ambition. All doubt may now be abandoned. What others have regarded as a jest,—not very entertaining,—Colonel Roosevelt regards as his just prerogative. He demands a dictatorship—in the name of the people. He asserts that he appointed our nominal President, and has the right to remove him. He would constitute himself our next, and permanent, President. He would brush aside any pledge or obligation, as he has already brushed aside the most specific declaration that could be formulated with regard to the tenure of the highest office—at present—in the country.

If the American people desire him, on these terms,—and for the term of his natural life,—they deserve him. It is no longer a matter of progressive principles, of parties or politics. It is a matter of common decency, and public indecency.

* * *

ALL honor to the brave. Gallant men went to their death when the brief career of the Titanic was ended: officers, passengers and crew. A special word is the inadequate due of the engineers. Not one survived. They realized the danger to the uttermost. Even while almost everybody else on board, with the exception of the officers, believed that the ship was safer than the lifeboats, they knew the inevitable end—and faced it, with the indomitable courage that does not always reach public knowledge. In the fierce light that beats upon the throne of desolation, they may stand, nothing fearing. In the hour of

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death, and in the day of judgment, they acquitted themselves as men. Surely such little leisure as the world can spare for remembrance, shall be given to them, and to all who justified their manhood in that time of temptation, coming swiftly upon them, when security seemed impregnable and the naked grip with tragedy a remote imagination.

* * *

A GOOD deal of nonsense has been written with regard to the disaster, from every possible angle, including the angle of absurdity. This is quite natural, of course; for the habit of clear thinking, the sense of proportion and relation, is almost as rare as the dodo in these hurried times, when the first requirement is sensation, and the last and most negligible, common sense. Several press preachers, deeply affected by the mathematical magnitude of the catastrophe, delivered themselves very eloquently upon the futility of all human effort in competition with the casual destructiveness of nature. The skill, the aptitude, the applied knowledge of four centuries of nautical experiment found their ultimate expression in the Titanic. "Then nature spoke, and the greatest work of man was as nothing."

Humility is no doubt admirable in its proper place, but in this connection it is stupid as well as offensive. There was no more conflict here between the ambition of man and the remorseless opposition of nature, than may be found every day in the familiar details that have become trivial to us. The Titanic did not founder because she was the biggest ship in the world, and the most luxurious. She went to the bottom because the universal rule of reasonable care was violated. If anyone attempts to cross Broadway or the Strand, or any crowded thoroughfare, without paying due attention to the obstacles that he may expect to encounter, he may get to the other side—or he may not. But no one bothers about the puniness of man and the immensity of nature, at the inquest, if an inquest be necessary.

The Titanic was lost because hundreds of other ships have *not* been lost. She was taking risks that have been taken repeatedly, in varying degree, by Atlantic liners. But the law of averages did not pause to consider that this particular trip was a maiden trip, that this particular ship was a first offender.

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The penalty was exacted from the biggest ship in the world, as it might have been exacted from any tramp steamer that chose to go at full speed in a neighborhood where full speed was extremely risky, and when complete warning had been given. Reliance was placed on luck and an effective look-out. The luck failed. So did the look-out. The danger was seen, but not in time to avoid it. And the result was tragedy. But nothing whatever is proved with regard to man's o'ervaulting ambition and nature's calm contempt for it. There is no reason why big ships should not be built. There is only reason—overmuch reason—for greater care and clear prevision. There are lessons from the loss of the Titanic—sad and heart-breaking lessons: but surely not this, that man should give up one iota of progress, one iota of achievement. Nature had no more hostility toward the Titanic than toward the thousands of big and little ships that have sailed the high seas few or many times, and one time missed the harbor lights and sent no message home.

* * *

TRAGEDIES are the commonplaces of civilization. Men and women have their lives crushed out, swiftly or slowly, through all the days, by railway, in mine or factory. The toll is never remitted. But the loss of the Titanic gripped public interest in a special way and appealed to the public sense of drama and tragedy, because of its spectacular effects. The contrast between the anticipated and the unforeseen was so monstrous as to appear grotesque. With all the luxuries of a superb hotel, with lights and laughter and music, the passengers were to be carried from port to port, guarded, untroubled, entertained. And when the great ship came into New York Harbor, every craft that was capable of producing noise would blare its welcome to the mistress of the seas, while the captain stood on the bridge, proud of his superb charge, and the passengers crowded to the rails and thousands of waiting friends watched from the pier. The managing director of the line would receive general felicitations: he would accord, perhaps, brief interviews to the press; another record, whether of speed, or size, or comfort, would have been accomplished and acclaimed . . .

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And the reality . . .

Shame to all who made capital out of the calamity—who, careless or wilfully untruthful, scattered the half lies and the whole lies of sensational incident, adding recklessly to pain under the pretence of relieving torturing anxiety or satisfying a legitimate demand for information. Those specious details of the dark, starless night and the tossing sea: those brutalities of imagination that gloated in headlines and meticulous descriptions over the agonies of separation and death, over possible cowardice, possible error,—and impossible accuracy! Shame to the reckless, the virulent, the more than cowardly, who selected their victims when the knowledge of facts and the right of judgment had not emerged from the welter of conflicting rumors, and denounced as scapegoats those who, for all that they could know, might have been the heroic figures of the catastrophe!

* * *

THE senatorial investigation, so much criticised, was not merely desirable: it was indispensable. For though the survivors could not be expected to be in a position to do complete, or, in some cases, even reasonable justice to themselves, it was right to obtain a record of the facts as soon as possible, before time and conscious or casual influence had modified the impressions of the witnesses. The actual conduct of the investigation was, of course, as absurd as the senators could make it. The admission of hearsay evidence; the absence of method, of any guiding principle; the reflection of popular clamor within the committee room; the exceptional incompetence of the chairman; the thoughtful avoidance of expert assistance;—were all in accordance with the traditions of the controlling branch of the Legislature, and need not excite any surprise in our own country, however much Europe may have been astonished.

* * *

IT is not true that we have learnt much from the disaster that we did not know before; but it is painfully true that, as usual, we have waited for a colossal calamity to draw our attention to the value of the simple prevision that would have prevented our attention being aroused at all. Everybody who

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has crossed the Atlantic knew that the lifeboat accommodation was usually quite inadequate on the lines that carried steerage passengers. But no one had protested loudly enough to be heard. Even the warning of the Republic was disregarded: it was not sufficiently ominous. But why did not some of the busy critics do a little criticising before the Titanic sailed?

The great steamship companies have relied, like the public, upon the floating capacity of the ships, in case of emergency; and upon the assurance given by the wireless installation, with the tremendous range of its appeal for assistance. They had no right to rely upon anything, except complete preparation for every possible danger. But the public must share a little of the blame, as they shared the general confidence in the ships and ignored the unconcealed paucity of boats.

All the circumstances were exceptional. The Titanic—if her plans were completely carried out and the finishing touches not "scamped" through haste to get her into the water—was immune from ordinary perils of storm or collision. She sank, because she found the one thing that would sink her. Yet, even at the worst, no one, in shipping circles or anywhere else, would have conceived it possible that she could sink so rapidly that a ship fifty miles away would arrive too late. Her builders had not contemplated that she would charge icebergs at practically full speed. With such a basis, it is not easy to argue. If, instead of a clear night and a calm sea, there had been March weather and struggling mountains of water, an excess of lifeboats might not have proved more effective than a deficiency.

* * *

THE opinion of Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, of the British Navy, is worth quoting, for the pressure of the recent catastrophe should not lead to false ideas with regard to the direction in which reform measures should be accelerated. He says: "The policy of every Power possessing a great steam mercantile marine has been—and it is respectfully submitted, has wisely been—to encourage the introduction and increase in number of watertight compartments rather than an increase in number of boats. As to this there has been perfect unanimity among the

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maritime nations of the world. This unanimity is simply the expression of the advice and opinion of the great body of eminent seamen sailing under every flag. Not a few of these knew by experience what it was to depend upon boats to save a ship's human freight, and how often reliance on them had been grievously disappointed. Not a few, also, knew by experience how often human lives have been saved owing to the good structural arrangements of a ship when her boats could not have been used at all. Boats, of course, there must be; but what can reasonably be expected of them should be borne in mind."

* * *

It may be assumed—and the responsible authorities will carefully verify the assumption—that in future all liners will be provided with sufficient boats; that all crews will be thoroughly disciplined in boat drills and in preparation for emergencies; that a wireless operator will be continually on duty; that provision will be made for lateral bulkheads in addition to transverse watertight compartments, and that complete control of the doors by the officer on the bridge will be assured, as in the admirable system adopted in the United States Navy, nothing being left to chance, or negligence, or the accident of imperfect testing, while such re-opening as occurred on the Titanic should be followed by automatic re-closing. Possibilities to be considered are the installation of searchlights and the carrying of motor launches.

But the main responsibility, in the future as in the past, will rest upon the officers of the ship. It was not confidence in her unsinkability that lost the Titanic. No captain or officer would recklessly run the risk of an accident that would close or mar his professional career, apart from any other consideration. It is evident that the routine of the ship was considered sufficient; that unjustifiable reliance was placed upon the few men on duty. Only repeated immunity could lead to the captain of a great liner permitting her to go at unreduced speed in such a neighborhood. That he should do so after receiving clear warnings of the presence of ice in the vicinity, seems incredible. The ice field was not entered prematurely, unexpectedly. The time had

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been calculated, the danger was known. But it was not realized. Watchfulness was depended upon to avoid disaster, when measures should have been taken to make disaster impossible, so far as human effort and foresight could go. But routine was followed; and routine proved inadequate, as, sooner or later, it was bound to do. And the price of the mistake has been paid in full.

* * *

MR. ASQUITH'S Home Rule Bill has been cordially accepted by Mr. John Redmond, the Nationalist leader, who calls it "a great measure, adequate to carry out the objects of its promoters." He believes that "it will have the effect of turning Ireland into a happy and prosperous country, and a united, loyal and contented people." He adds that the Separatists, once a large proportion of Irishmen, are now only a small section.

Of course, England and Ireland are the countries chiefly concerned; and in view of Mr. Redmond's pronouncement, there will not be any general tendency here to criticise the details; the Bill will be taken as sufficiently satisfactory. Yet it is not a statesmanlike measure, and it seems to combine very skilfully the two distinct disadvantages of unfairness to Ireland and unfairness to England. It is not calculated to insure the permanent settlement that every friend of either or both countries will desire.

* * *

EXCEPTION may be taken in the first place to the financial provisions. These are not niggardly: they are generous. But they are clumsily expressed, and the clumsiness is not redeemed by being intentional. The object, apparently, has been to conceal the true facts of the case both from the ordinary Irishman and the ordinary Englishman, or, at least, to make confusion much simpler than clear enlightenment.

Briefly, the arrangements are:

a. Ireland is to contribute nothing to Imperial expenses—army, navy, national debt, consular service, etc. Under Mr. Gladstone's first Bill, her contribution was fixed at $17,500,000; under the Bill of 1893, at $12,000,000.

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b. The English Government is to provide an annual subsidy of about $10,000,000, to prevent the recurrence of the deficit that has prevailed during recent years. This subsidy is disguised more or less ingeniously by the subterfuges of the Bill.

c. An unconcealed subsidy of $2,500,000 is also to be paid annually—the sum being gradually reduced.

It will be seen, therefore, that Ireland is to receive an annual gratuity of about $12,500,000 and is to be excused from her quota of Imperial charges; in other words, she is to be started, practically, with a revenue-gift of some $25,000,000.

* * *

Now, it is eminently desirable that the experiment of self-government should be inaugurated under the most favorable conditions and that every effort should be made to insure success. Naturally, the financial conditions are extremely important. But it is a great mistake to make those conditions other than absolutely simple and obvious. Big work has to be done in Ireland; the men who have proved themselves excellent leaders in guerrilla warfare have soon—it is to be hoped—to prove themselves competent, and more than competent, administrators. The future of their country depends upon them; and it is essential that their countrymen shall be in a position to know quite definitely what they are doing and in what degree they deserve praise and approval. The significance of the annual subsidy must therefore be recognized, that the people may not accept less from their leaders than they have a right to expect, or credit them with falsely estimated achievements.

* * *

Other criticism may be confined for the present to one comprehensive and one minor point. Constitution-building is never very easy; but a few people through the centuries have possessed the art of making difficulties seem simple. Mr. Asquith, in accordance with modern custom, has avoided temptation; his Bill is filled with parallelisms, dualities, overlappings, reservations, restraints and contingencies. The Imperial Government is still to collect the taxes, though it will not administer the Post

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Office; it will continue to control the Constabulary, to be responsible for the Land Purchase Acts, the Old Age Pensions scheme, the National Insurance Act; it will be here, there and everywhere, apparently doing a great deal and paying handsomely for the privilege. The new Irish Government may occupy all the seats that are not reserved.

Probably the arrangement will work out far better in practice than on paper; but it does not satisfy the sense of symmetry, or the sense of nationality.

The other point referred to is the constitution of the Second Chamber—a nominated Senate. It is not easy to realize the precise legislative value of a Senate nominated, ultimately, by the Irish Executive. It would seem, chiefly, to be destined to exercise the privilege of obeying orders; and it cannot be accepted cheerfully by those who believe in accelerating, not retarding, democratic developments.

* * *

THE conditions under which the Bill has been introduced are very different from those prevailing in 1886 and in 1893. The apparently irreconcilable opposition of Ulster is still threateningly in evidence; but a great change has come over the English electorate. The passionate protest that greeted Mr. Gladstone's first measure, the storm of disapproval that swept over the country, belongs unmistakably to other times and other manners; the most energetic efforts of the Unionist leaders have failed to revive that narrow, if sincere, prejudice. A few fanatics are left; but the obvious tendency is toward justice, comprehension. If the electorate hesitates, it is not because it wishes to deal with the question on the basis of outmoded animosities, but because it desires to avoid further mistakes. It is perplexed about the attitude of Ulster. To confer Home Rule on a house so violently divided against itself, seems at the best a dubious proceeding. And though the English taxpayer is acustomed to the distinction of the lion's share of all imperial burdens, and many burdens not imperial, he has an uneasy feeling that generosity to others should not be too widely divorced from justice to himself. If the Nationalists and the Orangemen are prepared to

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dwell together in unity and amity, he is prepared to make a fair contribution to the expenses of the new establishment and to start the happy couple with every encouragement on what he hopes will be a prosperous career. But he does not quite understand why this contribution should be so disguised and distributed, that he will not know exactly what he has committed himself to pay, until he has been paying it for several years. And subsidies that have been paid for several years have a habit of extending themselves into perpetual annuities.

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A REALLY statesmanlike measure would have had an excellent chance of success—subject to the delay that will be interposed by the House of Lords, under the powers of its restricted veto. But the present Bill is the result of bargainings, not of convictions. It is a patchwork of compromises,—afraid to give, reluctant to withhold; and it lends itself to the crude but vehement partisan attacks of Mr. Bonar Law. For the Unionist leader, who has no administrative experience, has adopted the policy of aggressive opposition, unmitigated by the sense of responsibility which was generally found lying beneath Mr. Balfour's more subtle, if less popular, strategy.

The statement that the Bill is but the beginning of a process of devolution and that similar provisions will be applied to Scotland and Wales, is not calculated to give it a specially smooth passage. The English voter has seen self-government worthily exercised by the Over-Sea Dominions; and he has been content. Nations have been built up, sturdy, initiative, self-supporting. But a mere muddle of provincial parliaments conflicting or interrelated with the imperial machinery, and kept in motion by subsidies from the English exchequer, will not appeal to his pride or his pocket. If all the nationalities are to send representatives, but no revenue, to Westminster, the Englishman will begin to feel that his own house is apparently everybody else's castle—rent-free and attractively furnished.

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THE Black Strike—as the disastrous coal conflict in Great Britain was called—is fading, with other tragedies, into the dim

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past that is now measured by months; for the world is too busy to think in years or remember in decades. But, though Labor may justly fight its fight, and fight for its own hand, it is surely essential that some ameliorative conventions should be established, such as have already modified the brutalities of that curious anachronism described as civilized warfare. The reluctance of the men to resume work so long as their strike pay enabled them to live comfortably and patronize the local music halls; their indifference to the distress of tens of thousands of starving women and children, who received no strike pay, since the idleness of their breadwinners was enforced, and not voluntary; the contempt for the community at large; the avowed aim to compel the concessions demanded by paralyzing the industries of the nation and coercing the long-suffering public;—all these features of the struggle may find apologists, but they certainly seem to point to the development of a class-selfishness, a section-selfishness, that is rapidly submerging the old ideas of social relations. Emphasis may again be placed—not cynically, but with the insistence of truth—upon the obvious lesson that those who have built up the power to destroy a nation, are its real rulers.

* * *

THIS war upon the nation was not an example of Syndicalism in its full significance; but it gave an excellent illustration of what may be expected in the future. Syndicalism itself is not a discovery of the last few months, though its notoriety is recent. It has been developing, slowly, inevitably, since the discussion of the principle of the general strike by the Congress of the International Labor Association at Brussels in 1868. It was there declared that it was "only necessary for producers to cease to produce in order to make government impossible." The idea lingered. Tortélier, a Paris anarchist—a carpenter by trade—was apparently the first to suggest, in 1888, that the organization of a general strike on international lines should be adopted as a definite policy. Six years later, at a Congress at Nantes, the policy was formally indorsed in preference to electoral and uncoercive methods.

And Syndicalism has arrived; at least, it has arrived half-

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way—*en passant* to complete domination of the industrial, social and political organization of the world, or *en route* to a *débâcle*. For neither Labor sympathies nor Capitalist prejudices can alter the fact that Syndicalism means war on all existing governments; war on a vast scale, ruthless, ceaseless.

These are the avowed objects: Every industry thoroughly organized—in the first place, to fight for the control of the industry, and then to administer it; coördination of all industries through a central production board, which will issue its demands on the different departments, leaving to the men themselves to determine under what conditions the work should be done. "This would mean democracy in real life. . . . So long as shareholders are permitted to continue their ownership or the State to administer on behalf of the shareholders, slavery and oppression are bound to be the rule in industry. . . . "

The issue is fairly presented. There is no fighting in the dark. But even the most strenuous opponent of the latest development of the doctrine of force will scarcely fail to realize that while the Cabinets and Senates and politicians of the world have been playing with the toys of second childhood, the workers, the masses—the real democracy that is so much flattered and so much despised—have actually had the audacity to conceive a big idea, an idea so big, in fact, that its unchecked development will result in the complete subversion of the whole cherished Established Order of Things throughout the world. Nero was accused of fiddling while Rome burned. He has been defended. But there are some fiddlers in high places to-day, or who wish to be in high places to-morrow, who will find it difficult to secure apologists when the history that is being made, is being written. For Syndicalism may be magnificent: but—it *is* War.

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